SUR COR
SUM DA

Kenneth Sisam
Cambridge
Aug. '48.

Compositions & Translations

London: C. J. CLAY AND SONS,
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS WAREHOUSE,
AVE MARIA LANE.
Glasgow: 50, WELLINGTON STREET.

Leipzig: F. A. BROCKHAUS.
New York: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.
Bombay and Calcutta: MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.

[*All Rights reserved*]

Compositions & Translations

by the late

Henry Charles Finch Mason

sometime Scholar of Trinity College and Bell Scholar in the University of Cambridge: Porson Prizeman and Sir Wm. Browne's Medallist (1878): Assistant Master in Haileybury College 1883—1902

with prefatory memoir
by
R. C. Gilson,
Trinity College, Cambridge: Head Master of King Edward VI's School, Birmingham,

edited by
H. H. West,
formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge.

London:
C. J. Clay and Sons
Cambridge University Press Warehouse
Ave Maria Lane
1903

Cambridge:
PRINTED BY J. AND C. F. CLAY,
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

PREFATORY MEMOIR.

Henry Charles Finch Mason was born at Aldenham in Hertfordshire on July 1, 1856. Entering Harrow in September 1870, he soon rose to nearly the top of the school, and won an open Classical Exhibition at Trinity College, Cambridge, almost three years before his actual residence as an undergraduate scholar of that College began. In 1876 he was awarded the Bell University Scholarship, and in 1878 the Porson Prize for Greek Trochaic Verse, and the Browne Medal for a Latin Ode. In the following year he was in the First Class of the Classical Tripos, and "highly distinguished" in the Examination for the Chancellor's Medals. His first experiences of teaching were gained at Harrow, Marlborough, and Sherborne; but in 1883 he was appointed by Dr Bradby a master at Haileybury, and there 19 years later he died, after a very brief illness, on Sunday morning, October 5, 1902.

The story of a life of forty-six years, marked by few changes and no startling or unusual episodes, is soon told. Not so the life's total effect, when as in Mason's case rare mental gifts are united with a still rarer loyalty and nobility of character in the work which those who know it best

would exchange for no other, the work of training and teaching English boys. To those who care to read them, the following pages will convey some idea of the literary grace, feeling, fertility of suggestion, and delicacy of touch which were characteristic of his mind. They will very imperfectly suggest the width of his reading, especially in English poetry and prose, or his intense delight in pure art, whether literary, plastic, or pictorial. Scholarly he was, to the core, but all scholarship is not infectious. Mason's ready sympathy with boys, and the flash of an exquisite humour that was all his own, enabled him to communicate to his pupils the enthusiasm of good taste—perhaps the highest achievement of the schoolmaster's art.

To us who knew him and lived with him the thought of the man himself is above all. Noble, generous, unselfish, transparently sincere, he was utterly incapable of the pettinesses which flaw the crystal of a perfect friendship. But of such things it avails not to write at length. To some of the readers of this volume the truth is known already: to others mere words will do but little to convey it. It may be more in point to explain briefly Mason's habitual methods of composition, and the circumstances under which the following poems and translations are now published. No poet was ever more independent of the merely mechanical parts of his art. All his work of this kind was the pure product of his mind and creative faculty. A stroll in the beautiful Masters' Garden at Haileybury, or on the Heath beyond, was usually the occasion, and pen or paper were seldom used, except for purposes of record—unhappily not always even for that. Indeed, it

may be doubted whether the present collection—made from his note-books and scattered papers—represents more than a tithe of what he composed, and carried in the store-house of a memory which while life lasted never failed. Moreover, if he was critical of others' composition he was far more so of his own, and it may safely be said that none of the pieces printed would have escaped the severest revision had he lived to publish them himself.

Robert Cary Gilson.

αἱ δὲ τελὶ ζώουσιν ἀηδόνες

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

AT the time when all by whom Mason was beloved were sorrowing for his recent loss, it was suggested that a published selection from his best Latin and Greek compositions and translations would be a gratifying little memorial for his friends and also not devoid of interest for classical scholars in general; and the privilege befell the present editor of being asked to prepare such a collection for the press—a sad office indeed, but willingly undertaken *in memoriam* of an old college friend and contemporary.

The Latin Ode for which Sir William Browne's medal was awarded in 1878, and the Greek trochaics which won the Porson Prize in the same year, will be found here reprinted.

There were numerous note-books and bundles of loose sheets to be gone over, amongst which were often to be found renderings of the same piece in different stages of development. In several instances, owing to insufficient reference given, it needed some search to discover the English original of a Latin or Greek version. Of these MSS. the most recently written redaction was in a large note-book, evidently consisting of those of Mason's compositions which had received his latest revision and were most to his satisfaction. The whole of these latter, arranged in a

different order, are comprised in the present volume, of which they form about two-thirds, being indicated by asterisks in the Table of Contents. The remainder the editor picked from amongst the other MSS., including an excellent rendering of "Recessional" plainly regarded by Mason as only tentative (with copious *variae lectiones* for an editor to 'help himself' according to taste), likewise a rather neat version of Tennyson's *Ode to Virgil.* In the other pieces there were occasional variants, some of which have been printed in the foot-notes. In copying out for the press, the editor made no verbal alterations, nor found corrections needful save of an accent here and there, nor has he put any headings, or quotations by way of heading, unless where found in the MSS.

Lack of space forbade including more prose compositions, but on p. 114 will be found a specimen of Mason's felicitous Latinity applied in that direction, and at the end of the book an example or two of the easy-flowing Platonic style which he had at command. The literary grace and sympathetic handling shown in his poetic renderings on pp. 106—111 make it a matter for much regret that he left so very few translations into English verse.

Finally, the editor's thanks for kind permission to print extracts from copyright works are due to the following:

Mr George Allen, Publisher of W. Cory's *Ionica.*

Messrs W. Blackwood & Sons, Publishers of P. S. Worsley's *Homer.*

Messrs Bradbury & Agnew, Publishers of *Punch.*

Messrs Chatto & Windus, Publishers of A. C. Swinburne's Works, A. O'Shaughnessy's Poems, R. Buchanan's Poetical Works, and R. L. Stevenson's *Underwoods.*

Mr William Heinemann, Publisher of Edmund Gosse's *New Poems.*

Mr John Lane, Publisher of *Florilegium Latinum.*

Messrs Longmans, Green & Co., Publishers of Froude's *Short Studies.*

Messrs Macmillan & Co., Publishers of Tennyson's, C. Kingsley's, L. Carroll's, and M. Arnold's Works.

Messrs Methuen & Co., Publishers of A. D. Godley's *Second Strings*, and R. Kipling's *Five Nations.*

Mr John Murray, Publisher of Helen, Lady Dufferin's *Songs, Poems*, &c., and Julian Fane's *Poems.*

Likewise to the following authors: Dr Richard Garnett, Mr A. D. Godley, Mr Edmund Gosse, Mr R. Kipling, Mr J. W. Mackail, Mr A. C. Swinburne; and to the following literary representatives: Lady Dufferin (of the late Lord Dufferin), Miss Harriet Jay (of the late Robert Buchanan), Mr Lloyd Osbourne (of the late R. L. Stevenson), and Lady Rose Weigall (of the late Julian Fane); and lastly, for much helpful information relating to copyrights, to Messrs J. & C. F. Clay.

H. H. W.

Nov. 1903.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

[Note.—The renderings of the pieces marked with an asterisk were apparently considered by H. C. F. M. to be his best.]

ENGLISH VERSE INTO LATIN.

PAGE

*J. Robertson, *Haileyburia Quadrata* 2
*Tennyson, *In Memoriam* xviii 4
*Tennyson, *In Memoriam* vi . . . . . *ib.*
*Tennyson, *In Memoriam* xi 6
*John Keble, *Burial of the Dead* 8
Tennyson, *I sung the joyful Paean* 10
Tennyson, *To Virgil* 12
J. Addison, *Ode* 16
*Julian Fane, *Ad Matrem* 18
*W. S. Landor, *Child of a Day* . . . . . *ib.*
*W. M. Praed, *Childhood and his visitors* . . . 20
*A. Marvell, *Horatian Ode* 28
*Macaulay, *Epitaph on a Jacobite* 30
*C. Bowles, *The pauper's deathbed* 32
S. T. Coleridge, *Alas! they had been friends* . . 34
*C. Kingsley, *Song from the Water Babies* . . . 36
*Helen, Lady Dufferin, *The Irish Emigrant* . . 38
T. Hood, *The Forsaken* 42
W. S. Landor, *The Nereid* 44
*Marquis of Montrose, *My dear and only love* . . 46
*J. W. Mackail, *O sweetest face* 48
*Shakespeare, *He is dead and gone* 50
*From Heine, *Good and Ill Luck* . . . . . *ib.*
*T. Campbell, *Earl March* 52

PAGE

*W. Blake, *Once a dream did weave* 54
*W. Blake, *Once a dream did weave* 56
*R. Garnett, *The crafty Nix* 58
*W. S. Landor, *Rose Aylmer* 60
*Incert. Auct., *To Venus* . . . . . *ib.*
*A. O'Shaughnessy, *If she but knew* 62
*R. Kipling, *Blue Roses* 64
*Wordsworth, *A slumber did my spirit seal* . . . *ib.*
*R. Buchanan, *To an old enemy* 66
*W. Cory, *Iole* . . . . . *ib.*
W. Cory, *To the Infallible* 68
T. Moore, *Cephalus and Procris* 70
S. T. Coleridge, *The vale of Lumin* 72
Shelley, *The Cloud* 74
Shakespeare, *Polonius to his son* . . . . . *ib.*
*R. Heber, *Hope* 76
*Tennyson, *Epitaph on General Gordon* 78
R. Kipling, *Recessional* 80
*A. D. Godley, *Talana Hill* 82
*T. Campbell, *The Soldier's Dream* 84
*Thos. Love Peacock, *War Song of Dinas Vawr* . 86
M. Arnold, *Sohrab and Rustum* 90
*Macaulay, *Virginia* 92
Spenser, *The house of Morpheus* 94
*W. J. Hope-Edwardes, *Procemia* 96
*Incert. Auct., *Plantation Song* 98
*Incert. Auct., *Plantation Song* 100
*Lewis Carroll, *The Duchess's Song* 102
*Punch, *To the young city men* 104

Original Latin Verse by H. C. F. Mason:
In Luxuriam hodiernam 24
The Roman road at Haileybury 103

LATIN INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

PAGE

HORACE, *Quis desiderio sit pudor* 106
HORACE, *Tyrrhena regum progenies* 107
CATULLUS, *Luqete o Veneres Cupidinesque* . . . 109
MARTIAL, *I, felix rosa* 110
MARTIAL, *De columba Aretullae* . . . . . *ib.*

AULUS GELLIUS, *Translation from* 113
H. C. F. MASON, *Latin Letter to University of Glasgow* 114

ENGLISH VERSE INTO GREEK.

SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, Act IV. Sc. 1 . . 116
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth's Soliloquy*, Act II. Sc. 1 . . 118
*SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, Act IV. Sc. 5 120
*BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* 122
*R. L. STEVENSON, *Skerryvore* 124
*MILTON, *Belial: P. L.* II. 108 . . . . . *ib.*
*SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, Act III. Sc. 1 . . . 126
*SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V.*, Act IV. Sc. 3 . . 128
*SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, Act III. Sc. 4 132
*TENNYSON, *Geraint and Enid* 134
*A. C. SWINBURNE, *Bothwell* 136
*E. W. GOSSE, *Alcyone* 138
*WORDSWORTH, *The feast of Brougham Castle* . . 140
*TENNYSON, *Dream of Fair Women* 142
*TENNYSON, *Lancelot and Elaine* 144
*TENNYSON, *The Passing of Arthur* 146
*WORDSWORTH, *The Poet's boyhood* 148
*P. S. WORSLEY, *Phaethon* 150

PAGE

*M. Arnold, *Empedocles on Etna* 152
W. S. Landor, *Gebir* 154
Shakespeare, *M. for M.*, Act II. Sc. 2 156
Shelley, *The Cenci*, Act I. Sc. 3 158
A. C. Swinburne, *Erechtheus*, 762 &c. . . . . *ib.*
II Samuel, i. 19, *Saul and Jonathan* 160

INTO GREEK PROSE.

Horace, *Ibam forte Via Sacra* 161
J. Addison, *The Vision of Mirza* 162
*J. A. Froude, *The Cat's Pilgrimage* 164

---

*Τὸ Φλαττόθρατ 166

COMPOSITIONS AND TRANSLATIONS

PART I. LATIN

Haileyburia Quadrata.

"FOUR-SQUARE to all the winds" that blow
Are built the borders of our nest—
To sunny south and Zembla's snow,
To rosy dawn and purple west:
So shall the banner of our pride
For either fortune float unfurled,
To woo the breeze of summer-tide
Or breast the winters of the world!

The temple of our boyhood's home
'Mid busy life embosomed lies;
Yet takes upon her stately dome
The impress of the vaulted skies.
So may each trusted heart that here
Fulfils his level course below,
Be rounded to the perfect sphere,
Irradiant with ethereal glow.

O never be the memory drowned
By manhood's strife or worldly care,
Of happy laughter ringing round
Through all the fragrant summer air!
Of honest work and mimic wars,
Of bosky heath and misty vale,
And holier thoughts beneath the stars
To music of the nightingale.

J. ROBERTSON
in the *Haileyburian*, March 6, 1884.

Haileyburia ἡ τετράγωνος.

AETHERA quot verrunt quadrato caespite noster
nidulus ad ventos inde vel inde patet.
hinc nitidos austros, niveas hinc spectat ad arctos;
hinc oritur roseus sol, cadit inde rubens.
omine sic fausto sortemque in utramque parata
signa, decus nostrum, fas volitare polo:
sive opus amplecti Zephyros aestate serena,
oppositave hiemis frangere fronte minas.
ad loca sacra domus qua nostra puertia crescit
fervet opus, fervent seria mista iocis:
nec tholus ille tamen spatioso fornice nescit
reddere convexi signa serena poli.
sidera sic subter placidum quicunque tenorem
servant officii, pectora fida, sui—
undique sic teretem pueri fingantur ad orbem
reddat olympiacum qui sine labe iubar.
at quaecunque viris maneant certamina, rerum
quotquot agant fluctus discrucientque viros:
ne tamen effusis circumsona risibus aura
vere novo fragrans pectore pulsa cadat.
ne vetus ille labor, neu proelia proxima veris
depereant, nec vos, nota rubeta prius:
umida nec vallis, nec siquid sanctius astra
suaserunt, numeris vel Philomela suis.

Another Version of last stanza—*Haileyburia Quadrata.*

Multa viris dement operosa negotia, demet
nox vigil et fugiens non sine lite dies;
sed maneat si quid suaves aestate per agros
lusimus ad Zephyros, ruraque plena sono.
nota rubeta prius, fluitantia prata vapore,
ludentumque acies, verus et ille labor
insideant animis—et si quid sanctius astra
suaserunt etc.

IN MEMORIAM XVIII.

'TIS well; 'tis something; we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.

'Tis little; but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest
And in the places of his youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head
That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,
And come, whatever loves to weep,
And hear the ritual of the dead.

IN MEMORIAM VI.

ONE writes, that 'Other friends remain,'
That 'Loss is common to the race'—
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more:
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

O father, wheresoe'er thou be,
Who pledgest now thy gallant son;
A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor,—while thy head is bow'd,
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

EST aliquid quod stare licet super ossa Britanno
caespite compositi :
Di bene, quod violas fas illo a pulvere nasci,
delicias patriae.
munera parva quidem, sed et est felicia quare
membra quieta putes
quae teneant sibi nota prius loca, nominaque inter
non aliena cubent.
ergo agite, o puri, somno vel imagine somni
ferte caput gravidum—
si lacrimae rerum, si quem mortalia tangunt
adsit in exsequias.

HIC 'restant socii' scribit 'amabiles':
hic 'commune malum est omnibus': undique
voces trita sonant—furfur inutile
vera pro cerere insitum.
quod commune malum est, non levat hoc meum—
imo fit gravius : publica mors nimis :
nam non ulla dies vergit ad Hesperum
quin cor fregerit unius.
o quacumque, pater, magnanimi tui
nati vina iubes fundere, dum bibis
e te ductae animae composuit facem
telum, mortiferum tuo.
summisso, genetrix, dum capite ad deos
nautae vota facis pro reditu tui ;
huic pro funerea sindone carbasa et
vastum pro tumulo mare est.

IN MEMORIAM XI.

CALM is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only thro' the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground:

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
And on these dews that drench the furze,
And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold:

Calm and still light on yon great plain
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main:

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall;
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair:

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

TENNYSON.

TRANQUILLA nascens lux sine murmure
tranquilliorem tristitiam decet,
ni forte per frondes caducas
castaneae sonuere glandes.
tranquilla saltus pax tenet editos,
pax alta vepres roribus uvidos,
telasque lucentes, Arachne
quas viridi variavit auro.
lux muta latam planitiem beat
quae centum ad aequor praedia, et uberis
pomaria Auctumni, domosque
mole rapit minuente celsas.
pax alta latum possidet aethera,
frondesque quae iam deciduae rubent;
et corde sub nostro veternum est,
spesque vetat renovare torpor.
somnus serenat marmora lucidus,
fluctusque leni pace volubiles,
cor istud immotum quiescit
ni tremulum tremefecit aequor.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

I THOUGHT to meet no more, so dreary seemed
Death's interposing veil, and thou so pure,
Thy place in Paradise
Beyond where I could soar;
Friend of this worthless heart! but happier thoughts
Spring like unbidden violets from the sod,
Where patiently thou tak'st
Thy sweet and sure repose.
The shadows fall more soothing, the soft air
Is full of cheering whispers like thine own;
While Memory, by thy grave,
Lives o'er thy funeral day;
The deep knell dying down; the mourners' pause,
Waiting their Saviour's welcome at the gate;
Sure with the words of Heaven
Thy spirit met us there,
And sought with us along the accustomed way
The hallowed porch, and entering in beheld
The pageant of sad joy,
So dear to Faith and Hope.

JOHN KEBLE.

'NON te rursus erit cernere' dixeram
quem mors abripuit dissociabilis,
tam pura Elysias umbra plagas colis,
impermissa mihi loca,
vani cordis amor? spes melior tamen
iniussae violae par oritur solo,
qua tu pace fruens non violabili
somno mergeris aureo.
umbrae nempe cadunt mollius: ut tuae
vocis blanda polum murmura personant;
ipse ad busta sedens queis tegeris tuum
funus mente redintegro.
lugubris cadit en! naenia: restitit,
dum blanda excipiat voce hominum Salus,
corpus turba ferens, umbra aderas, reor*,
verbis sacra sonantibus,
per suetasque simul limen adis vias,
aedemque ingrediens conscius adspicis
pompae laetificae munus amarius
quam Spes almaque amat Fides.

* v.l. umbra ades, arbitror.

Non indecoro pulvere.

I SUNG the joyful Paean clear,
And sitting burnished without fear,
The brand, the buckler, and the spear—

Waiting to strive a happy strife,
To war with falsehood to the knife,
And not to lose the good of life—

At least, not rotting like a weed,
But having sown some generous seed,
Fruitful of further thought and deed,

To pass when life her light withdraws
Not void of righteous self-applause,
Nor in a merely selfish cause—

In some good cause not in mine own
To perish, wept for, honoured, known,
And like a warrior overthrown;

Whose eyes are dim with glorious tears,
When soiled with noble dust, he hears
His country's war-song thrill his ears,

Then dying of a mortal stroke,
What time the foeman's line is broke,
And all the war is rolled in smoke.

TENNYSON.

MOX clariorem voce superbiens
paeana tollo—ac sic posito metu
hastile cum parma refingo
et gladium in nova bella iturus,
feliciori numine si queam
quodcunque falsi est undique fortiter
delere pugnando, bonique
vivere quod dederit lucrari.
avena saltem non sterilis cadam,
sed semen ortum pectore de meo
fors factaque inducet futuris
consilia ac meliora saeclis—
quandoque vitae lux fugiet velim
excedere est quo iure placens mihi,
privata nec quaerens, bonaeque
nec propriae studuisse causae
dicar—sed urbi flebilis occidam
notusque multis non sine laudibus,
ut miles in pugna caducus
lumina cui generosiore
fletu tumescunt—vox ubi civium
non indecoro pulvere sordidi
perstrinxit in Martem ruentum
pro patria morientis aures—
at vulnere ictus letifero labat
adversa cum iam scissa acies retro
dat terga, pugnantesque condit
turbine pulverulenta nubes.

TO VIRGIL.

Written at the request of the Mantuans for the 19th centenary of Virgil's death.

I

ROMAN Virgil, thou that singest
Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire,
Ilion falling, Rome arising,
wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre;

II

Landscape-lover, lord of language
more than he that sang the Works and Days,
All the chosen coin of fancy
flashing out from many a golden phrase;

III

Thou that singest wheat and woodland,
tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd;
All the charm of all the Muses
often flowering in a lonely word;

IV

Poet of the happy Tityrus
piping underneath his beechen bowers;
Poet of the poet-satyr
whom the laughing shepherd bound with flowers;

V

Chanter of the Pollio, glorying
in the blissful years again to be,
Summers of the snakeless meadow,
unlaborious earth and oarless sea;

ROMANE vates, Ilia, Vergili,
qui templa amictu circuis igneo
Troiaque de labente tollis
alite candidiore Romam :
tu bella, prolem tu Veneris piam,
tristes Elissaeque exsequias canis,
tu vincis Ascraeos labores
ruris amans meliorque lingua :
sermone pollens scilicet aureo
quales arenis praeniteant Tagi
plenasque Musarum loquellas
pectore de locuplete fundis.
sive arva laetas et segetes canis
vineta silvas mella greges equos
seu verba per seiuncta floret
quidquid habent lepidi Camenae.
quo vate in umbra faginea licet
felici avena ludere Tityro
sertisque pastori iocoso
capripedem cohibere vatem :
gaudetque in aurum currere pristinum
feliciora his saecula Pollio,
cum nullus aestivis in herbis
anguis erit pelagoque remus,

VI

Thou that seëst Universal
Nature moved by Universal Mind;
Thou majestic in thy sadness
at the doubtful doom of human kind;

VII

Light among the vanished ages;
star that gildest yet this phantom shore;
Golden branch amid the shadows,
kings and realms that pass to rise no more.

VIII

Now thy Forum roars no longer,
fallen every purple Caesar's dome—
Tho' thine ocean-roll of rhythm
sound for ever of Imperial Rome—

IX

Now the Rome of slaves hath perish'd
and the Rome of freemen holds her place,
I, from out the Northern Island
sunder'd once from all the human race,

X

I salute thee, Mantovano,
I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure
ever moulded by the lips of man.

TENNYSON.

terraeque aratrum iam requiem dabit
laboriosae : nec sine te patet
diffusa per molem nec artus
mens agitans seriemque rerum.
idem doloris non humilis potens
mortalia urges flebilibus modis,
nec saecla non effeta fulgent
luce tua, neque fabulosa
non stella inauras litora, discolor
auri per umbras aura velut micans
functos et illustrans tyrannos
sceptraque non recidiva regum.
non purpuratorum atria Caesarum
sonora non iam stant fora : gurgite
tu labere immenso, sonasque
imperium dominosque colles.
iam iam solutis altera vinculis
stat Roma victrix : ast ego, Vergili,
quondam orbe quem divisa toto
insula alit Borean sub ipsum,
primis ab annis te colui et colo,
te, magna parvae gloria Mantuae,
cui nullus effinxisse celsos
par opifex viguit canores.

ODE.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

J. Addison.

SCILICET igniferi spatium mirabile caeli,
caerulei et clarus quicquid Olympus habet,
aetheris et varii compages lucida, laudant
cuncta Creatorem (vox sua cuique) Deum.
quotquot eunt luces nullo defesse labore
artificem gaudes, Sol, celebrare tuum;
nulla tuis radiis obnoxia panditur ora
quin ibi divinam testificere manum.
nocturnae subeunt tenebrae: non illa siletur
fabula, novit enim reddere luna vices.
illa quidem, tellus dum pendet ab ore canentis,
quo ritu cantat nata sit, unde micet.
excipiunt carmen cingentia sidera lunam,
quaeque vaga caelum circumiere face.
sic rata dant stellae volvendae singula cantu,
sic axes geminos fabula mira subit.
quid dum terrestres tenebras vaga sidera lustrant,
si nullos sonitus, carmina nulla cient.
quid si, resplendent tibi quotquot in aethere vasto
sidera, non illis vox nisi ficta sonat.
ingenii si quis purgatas commodet aures
audiet hic laeta promere voce melos.
scilicet aeternum resonant splendentia carmen
'credite divinam nos posuisse manum.'*

1875.

* v.l. divina est claris quae dedit esse manus.

AD MATREM.

MUSIC and frankincense of flowers belong
To this sweet festival of all the year.
Take then the latest blossom of my song,
And to Love's canticle incline thine ear.
What is it that Love chaunts? Thy perfect praise.
What is it that Love prays? Worthy to prove.
What is it Love desires? Thy length of days.
What is it that Love asks? Return of Love.
Ah what requital can Love ask more dear,
Than by Love's priceless self to be repaid?
Thy liberal love increasing, year by year
Hath granted more than all my heart hath prayed,
And prodigal as Nature, makes me pine
To think how poor my love compared with thine.

JULIAN FANE.

CHILD of a day! Thou knowest not
The tears that overflow thine urn:
The gushing eyes that read thy lot,
Nor if thou knewest couldst return.

And why the wish? The pure, the blest,
Watch like thy mother o'er thy sleep:
O peaceful night! O envied rest:
Thou wilt not ever see her weep.

W. S. LANDOR.

Ἐρᾶτε μητρὸς παῖδες· ὡς οὐκ ἔστ᾽ ἔρως
τοιοῦτος ἄλλος, οἷος ἡδίων ἐρᾶν.

NUNC decet et cantus et florea sacra profundi
quolibet hac festo candidiore die.
nec tu sperne meae quae serta novissima musae,
sed quo carmine amor te colit aure bibas.
quid meditatur Amor? quali te laude coronet.
quid rogat? ut dignus fiat amore tuo.
quidve huic in votis? caeli loca sera revisas.
quid petit? ut pretium par sit amoris amor.
ecquid enim reddi pretiosius oret amore
quem cuivis pretio posthabuisse nefas?
iste tamen crescens in euntes largior annos
gestit amor votis plura dedisse meis.
cum par naturae sis prodiga, maceror illud
quod prae materno sordet amore meus.

ὃν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος.

UNO nate die perempte in uno,
quot stillet lacrimis tua urna nescis,
qui dum fata legunt ocelluli ista
manent rore pio, nec illa nosses
hoc magis reditum parare nosses.
sed quorsum hoc cupiisse? nam beati
quicquid undique et innocentioris
somniis velut ipsa mater istis
assidet vigil. O sereniorem
noctem unam! o requiem ter invidendam!
matris non lacrimas tuae videbis.

CHILDHOOD AND HIS VISITORS.

ONCE on a time, when sunny May
Was kissing up the April showers,
I saw fair Childhood hard at play
Upon a bank of blushing flowers:
Happy—he knew not whence or how—
And smiling—who could choose but love him?
For not more glad than Childhood's brow,
Was the blue heaven that beamed above him.
Old Time, in most appalling wrath,
That valley's green repose invaded:
The brooks grew dry upon his path,
The birds were mute, the lilies faded.
But Time so swiftly winged his flight
In haste a Grecian tomb to batter,
That Childhood watched his paper kite
And knew just nothing of the matter.
With curling lip and glancing eye
Guilt gazed upon the scene a minute:
But Childhood's glance of purity
Had such a holy spell within it,
That the dark demon of the air
Spread forth again his baffled pinion,
And hid his envy and despair
Self-tortured in his own dominion.
Then stepped a gloomy phantom up,
Pale, cypress-crowned, Night's awful daughter,
And proffered him a fearful cup
Full to the brim of bitter water.

TEMPORE quo madidam pluviis Aprilibus almo
Phoebus amans radio laetificabat humum,
forte puer ludos agitans et totus in illis
inter purpureas visus adesse rosas.
laetus erat tamen ut quare nesciret et unde:
risit amabilius quo nihil esse queat,
scilicet infantis non ipsa serenius ore
caerula ridebant candidiusve poli.
ecce, tumens ira vallem viridemque quietem
pro scelus, aggreditur non sine falce senex:
illius ante pedes siccantur flumina, marcent
lilia, aves priscos dedidicere modos.
sed tam praecipiti nigras quatit impete pennas
expugnaturus Graia sepulchra, reor,
ut puer in milvum totus chartasque volantes
deditus ignoret quis sit et unde senex.
mox obliqua tuens rhoncho metuenda maligno
Impietas illos audet adire locos:
tanta sed ingenuo pueri ludentis in ore
simplicitas, quovis carmine maior, erat,
ut stimulos in se dempta spe diva nocendi
ipsa acuat, pennis in sua regna datis.
inde exsangue caput propria redimita cupresso
terribilis visu Filia Noctis adest:
porrigit et puero cyathum quem dextra gerebat,
intus abundabat taeter ad ora liquor.

Poor Childhood bade her tell her name;
And when the beldame muttered 'Sorrow':
He said 'don't interrupt my game;
I'll taste it, if I must, tomorrow.'
The Muse of Pindus thither came
And wooed him with the softest numbers
That ever scattered wealth and fame
Upon a grateful poet's slumbers:
Though sweet the music of her lay,
To Childhood it was all a riddle:
'Oh' he cried 'do send away
That noisy woman with the fiddle.'
Then Wisdom stole his bat and ball,
And taught him with most sage endeavour,
Why bubbles rise and acorns fall
And why no toy may last for ever.
She talked of all the wondrous laws
Which Nature's open book discloses,
And Childhood, ere she made a pause
Was fast asleep among the roses.
Sleep on! sleep on! Oh! manhood's dreams
Are all of earthly pain or pleasure,
Of Glory's toils, Ambition's schemes
Of cherished love, or hoarded treasure.
But to the couch where Childhood lies
A more delicious trance is given,
Lit up by rays from Seraph eyes
And glimpses of remembered Heaven.

W. Mackworth Praed.
1829.

at misero quae sit, quo nomine nota, roganti
reddit anus tetrico murmure 'Cura vocor.'
cui puer 'a saltem parce intercidere ludos,
si mihi gustandum est, cras mihi prome bibam.'
proxima Calliope Pindo descendit amaeno
pellicere infantem si queat arte sua,
nascenti et numquam numerosius illa poetae
somnia per famam divitiasque tulit.
nil tamen ars valuit, nil vox divina canentis:
ambages puero est visa Sibulla loqui.
'hinc apage' exclamans, dulcissima carmina rumpit,
'quin raucam querula cum fide tollis anum?'
protinus expandit rerum Sapientia causas;
ante tamen perhibent surripuisse pilam;
cur bullae tumeant in aquas, qua lege deorsum
glans cadat, et crotalis stet sua cuique dies:
quomodo Naturam volventi rite patescat
arcana inscriptus foedera mille liber;
cum tamen intento iam persuadere videtur
iamdudum mediis dormiit ille rosis.
somnia carpe, puer, quantum praestantia nostris
quos terrena movent gaudia, cura, dolor:
quos decus irretit magno et sudore petenda
gloria—sive venus vel gravis arca trahit.
sed te, qui levibus pueri substernere membris,
dissimilis nostro, lectule, somnus habet:
luminaque illustrant plusquam mortalia, necdum
excidit Elysii quod fuit ante iubar*.

* vv.ll. excidit e totis cordibus Elysium.
quod fuit Elysii non meminisse sinit.

IN LUXURIAM HODIERNAM.

(Carmen Latinum numismate annuo dignatum et in Curia Cantabrigiensi recitatum Comitiis Maximis A.D. M.DCCC.LXXVIII.)

O SI resurgat Flaccus et impios
mores, ut olim, carmine fervido
perstringat, Auruncaeve alumnus
aut animo Iuvenalis alto.
non his minorem tempora flagitant
infanda vatem: scilicet undique
bacchatur infamis per urbes
Luxuries cohibente nullo:
ridens amoenum perfida, sed manu
vix celat angues: sordida pauperis
nec tecta fastidit, nec altas
non penetrat malesuada moles;
qua nulla pestis saevior inferis
excessit undis, exitio urbibus
ventura, et antiquis superbos
pellere avens soliis tyrannos.
hinc Persici vis concidit imperi,
cum barbarorum Graecia inops minas
refregit, imbellesque posset
quid pietas didicere turmae,

quid dura virtus : testis et, Itali
vastator agri, perfidus Hannibal,
frangente victrices cohortes
mollitia Capuae dolosa.
orbi subacto iura dabat sua
gens masculorum Romula civium
fecunda, mox cessura turpi
desidiae, veterisque laudis
oblita et alti sanguinis : occidit
scirent ut omnes sic moniti arduae
praeclara virtutis pudendo
praemia praeposuisse luxu.
sed nulla nobis, admonitus Dei
contemnere omnes non bene fortibus,
exempla praeduro movere
tecta queunt adamante corda.
nam quae vigebat laude Britannia,
nunc indecorae tradita inertiae
nummis laboratura in unis
Tantaleas sitit inter undas :
dum vastat Indos cum macie fames
immissa foeda, nec morientium
iam vota cultorum vocatus
heu toties ! sacer amnis audit.
solos nec Indos hic tetigit dolor,
audax vel ipsos Cambria quos parit
invadere, insultatque nostris
litoribus malesana pestis.
impune nulli riserit insolens
fortuna : sero luxuriae pudet,
cum volnus insanabile auro
per populos alitur nocentes,

et dira terris incubuit fames
ignava poenis corpora macerans,
  firmumque nequiquam queruntur
    pectora deseruisse robur.
sic semper urget poena nefas, capi
donis nocentum nescia, ceu canis
  Lacaena vestigavit aprum
    nare sagax leporemve acuta.
quis tam scelesti crimina saeculi
purgare praesens surget et integra
  cum laude virtutem reducet,
    innocuas sine labe leges
intaminatis iungere moribus
prudens et alta mente superbiam
  depellere humanaeque vitae
    dona bonae dare castitatis?
fastidiosae quippe licentiae
vis magna summos temptat et infimos,
  gliscitque: fatalique morbo
    debilis inficitur iuventus,
non qualis olim Gallica fortiter
superbientis contudit agmina
  victoris Europaeque ademit
    vincula Napoleone victo:
sed non severae militiae vacat
pacisve honestis artibus, aleae
  vinique perdentisque vires
    desidiae studiosa pubes.
expulsa terris, grande decus patrum,
sincera virtus albaque castitas
  effugit, exultansque victo
    Luxuries dominatur orbe,

contaminato cum grege pestium,
cui semper astant Ebrietas comes,
et magna Dirarum Libido
mater, Avaritiesque turpis.
si fortia absit pectora roborans
virtus virorum, moenia nil iuvant
excelsa, ferrataeve naves,
fulmina nil metuenda belli:
atqui tremisces nullius impetum
virtute pollens, Anglia, civium,
dum Martis insani tumultus
per placidum requiescat orbem.

A HORATIAN ODE

upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland.

THE forward youth that would appear
Must now forsake his muses dear,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing:
'Tis time to leave the books in dust
And oil the unused armour's rust,
Removing from the wall
The corselet of the hall.
So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urged his active star;
And like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide.

* * * * *

Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent,
And Caesar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.
'Tis madness to resist or blame
The force of angry heaven's flame;
And if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due,
Who from his private gardens, where
He lived reserved and austere,
As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot,
Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of Time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould.

A. MARVELL.

IAM quotquot urget laudis amor, viri,
linquenda vobis Pieris est placens,
neu dulcis umbrarum recessus
detineat, numerive molles.
namque hora cartas tradere araneis
parmamque suadet depositum situ
purgare, loricamque in aulae
parietibus rapuisse fixam.
ingloriae nam pacis in artibus
cessare nescit noster, at impiger
instare Fortunae favori
proelia havet dubiosque casus.
qualis trisulci fulminis impetus
prima unde natum est nubila dividit,
sic ille per partes suorum
findit iter, iaculatus ignes.
hunc ruptus aether ignibus haud suis,
molesque regum templaque caelitum
sensere, flammataeque laurus
Caesareum caput ambientes.
obstare missis caelitus ignibus
insanientis, sive quis increpat:
sic ille, si verum fatemur,
laude vir est cumulandus omni,
qui nuper arte vixerat in suis
privatus hortis, urbe procul, velut
si summa curarum citretis
in propriis foret ordinandis:
virtute at idem strenuus, ignea
quod saecla saeclis addita sanxerant
evertit, ipse incude fingens
sceptra nova seriemque regum.

EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE.

TO my true king I offered free from stain
Courage and faith: vain faith and courage vain.
For him I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
And one dear hope that was more prized than they.
For him I languished in a foreign clime,
Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees:
Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to weep;
Till God who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting place I asked, an early grave.
O thou whom chance leads to this nameless stone
From that proud country which was once my own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I spoke like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

MACAULAY.

QUOD potui, pro rege fides virtusque profusa est
labe carens—virtus irrita, vana fides.
huic ego posthabui census, patrimonia, honores,
quaeque his spes fuerat carior una mihi.
pro rege externa dum maceror exul in ora
induxit iuveni tempora cana dolor,
silvas dum patrias sonat ipsa Lavernia, nostras
ipse requirenti displicet Arnus aquas.
nox adit: aegroto redeunt cum nocte Penates,
mane oculis lacrimas somnia pulsa ferunt:
at tandem oranti sortem miseratus iniquam
fata Deus properat datque quiete frui.
at tu, quisquis adis tenuem sine nomine cippum
de patria veniens quae mea mater erat.
impermissa oculis per saxa albentia nostris,
per quae cara tibi est, cara loquella mihi—
pone inimicitias: lacrimamque Britanne Britanno
da cineri—dolor huic cur moreretur erat.

THE PAUPER'S DEATHBED.

TREAD softly—bow the head,
In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll;
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed,
One by that paltry bed,
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof.
Lo! Death doth keep his state;
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace-gate.

That pavement damp and cold
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again
That short, deep gasp and then
The parting groan.

Oh! change—oh! wondrous change—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment there so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh! change, stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod;
The sun eternal breaks,
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

C. BOWLES.

PONE pedem leviter: caput inclinare memento:
ore fave: sacer est hic locus: ore fave.
ut conclamatae desit sua nenia vitae
morte tamen maior vita futura fugit.
sis quamvis magnus tamen hoc venerare cubile:
te maior casulam, squalida tecta, tenet.
pauperis aula fuit, nunc regia Mortis: adulans
nulla ibi plebs, custos in fore nullus adest.
liminis umentis frigentia saxa Quiritum
non terit ad risus officiosa manus.
una manu tantum macra vix sublevat astans
muta caput languens emorientis anus.
non confusa sonant permixto murmura luctu,
et nisi quod vagit parvulus, aula silet.
singultu presso quatit aeger anhelitus artus,
umbraque* ter membris iam caritura gemit.
en, miranda loquor! quantum mutatus ab illo
vincula perrupit carceris arta sui;
quem modo depositum dolor excruciaverat, idem
sub pedibus strati nunc videt astra poli.
tam res dissimiles rebus quis crederet? illic
sternitur exanimis triste cadaver humi:
sol nitet aeternus, vigilat novus incola caeli†,
statque suo coram iam propiore Deo.

* Sive: vitaque.

† Sive: sol semel aeternus nitet, excussoque sopore
candidus hic fruitur.....

ALAS! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder,
A dreary sea now flows between;
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

S. T. Coleridge: *Christabel.*

HEU iuvenes sociarat amor: sed falsa susurrans
felle potest verum fama necare suo.
a terris procul alma fides colit astra: iuventae
quam leve cor, vitae quam salebrosa viast.
scilicet et caro siquis succenset amico,
huic cerebrum stimulis ira furoris agit.
fallor? an haec eadem disiungere causa sodali
Rolando potuit te Leoline tuo?
increpuit socius socium, contempsit uterque
pectora fraternis heu propiora sibi.
discedunt nullo redituri tempore: at alter
qui viduata levet pectora nullus adest.
discessere: manet volnus: ceu rupe revulsam
triste fluens rupem discidit unda sua.
at non ignis edax, glacies penetraleve fulmen
illius eradet quod fuit ante notam.

SONG FROM THE WATER BABIES.

WHEN all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away:
Young blood will have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sports are stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home and take your place there,
The spent and worn among;
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when you were young.

C. KINGSLEY.

DUM vernant tibi cuncta, dum virescunt
silvae fronde nova, beate Sesti,
dum certare cycno videtur anser
et par esse Helenae venusta Phyllis*:
tu nec poscere equum puer nec orbem
percurrisse time: nequit morari
carcer praecipitis pedes iuventae:
sunt et fata cani suique lusus.
sed fac iam senio subacta cuncta,
fac raptos nemori suos colores,
lusus fac tibi putidos videri,
excursumque rotae perire funem:
iam serpe emeritus domum senexque
mancis adnumerandus et vietis†:
felix tum quoque sic future, Sesti,
unam si modo det Deus tueri
quam cunctis simul integris amabas.

* v.l. reginaeque loco est puella quaevis.
† v.l. mancorum in numerum senumque plebem.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'M sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat, side by side,
That bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springing, fresh and green,
The lark sang loud and high,
The red was on your lip, Mary,
The love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
The corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
Your breath warm on my cheek,
And I keep list'ning for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
The little Church stands near—
The Church where we were wed, Mary—
I see the spire from here;
But the graveyard lies between, Mary—
My step might break your rest,—
Where you, my darling, lie asleep
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely, now, Mary—
The poor make no new friends;—
But oh! they love the better still
The few our Father sends.
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now
Since my poor Mary died.

QUAE placuit nobis, mea Phylli, sedentibus una
me solum sine te rustica sella capit:
Maius erat memini—ridebant caerula supra
ridebasque viro tu nova nupta tuo.
verna ceres viridi distinxerat arva lepore,
caerulaque implebat carmine alauda suo.
insedit rubor ille tuis, mea Phylli, labellis
inque tuis oculis lumen amoris erat.
non species mutata loci rurisve—renidet
nunc quoque non alia candida luce dies:
nec vox argutae mihi non defertur alaudae,
inque agris iterum vernat ut ante Ceres.
sed molles frustra digitos auramque requiro
qua nostrae toties incaluere genae.
sed frustra ausculto si vox tua mulceat aures,
hei mihi qua nunquam tempus in omne fruar.
tramitis exigui tenuem via ducit ad aedem
qua mihi te laeto, me tibi iunxit Hymen:
sed timeo—quamvis mora sit brevis—ossa quieta
sic temere ingresso sollicitare pede.
namque ibi tu dormis leti composta sopore
inque ulnis una filia nostra tuis.
nunc moror orbus inops—nulli comitatus amico—
nam quis amicitias pauper inire potest?
sic tamen ut raros, si quem Pater addit, amicos
hoc maiore miser sedulitate colat.
tu mihi divitiae, mihi tu comes una fuisti,
unica tu vitae luxque decusque meae;
nil mihi quod curem, nil est quod ametur ab illa
quae te, Phylli, mihi dempsit acerba dies.

Yours was the good brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When trust in God had left my soul,
And half my strength was gone.
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow.
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you can't hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break;
When the hunger pain was gnawing there
You hid it for my sake.
I bless you for the pleasant word
When your heart was sad and sore.
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair.

And when amid those grand old woods
I sit and shut my eyes,
My heart will travel back again
To where my Mary lies.
I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat, side by side,—
And the springing corn and bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

HELEN, LADY DUFFERIN:
Songs, Poems, and Verses.
(Edited with memoir by her son, 1894.)

fortis eras pietate tua, quae credere posses
aspera versuros in meliora deos,
tunc ubi numinibus mea mens diffidere coepit,
iam senio vires comminuente meas.
alloquio quoties me solabaris amico,
inque tua quantus fronte sedebat amor.
his ego pro meritis haec qualiacunque rependo,
non auditurae dem licet illa tibi.
quid quod fortunae patiens voltuque sereno
ridebas luctu cor cruciata tuo :
et mordente fame, ne visa forte dolerem
fortis eras ipsam dissimulare famem.
a quotiens iucunda mihi, mea Phylli, locuta es,
occultans volnus pectoris ipsa tui :
nunc mihi pergratum quod demigraveris illuc
nullus ubi poterit cor lacerare dolor.
iamque vale longum, qua nulla fidelior unquam
cuive magis coniux diligeretur, erat.
sed non ulla dies, quamvis procul avius erro*
viderit immemorem me, mea Phylli, tui.
sole nitet semper—nec qui sudore paretur
pauperibus, panem terra benigna negat.
esto : sed fuerit fama praestantior ipsa,
immemor haud fiam, patria cara, tui.
saepe antiqua sedens inter pineta videbor
praeterita occlusis cernere luminibus—
tum veteremque domum qua possum mente revisam,
quique tegit caespes Phyllidos ossa meae.
nil ibi non cernam ; quae nos acceperat ante,
haud oculis aberit rustica sella meis.
Maius erit rursus—rursus Cerere arva virebunt—
ut qua luce mihi te sociavit amor.

* Altera versio :

sed nos longa licet toto via dividat orbe,
Phyllidos haud veniet non memor hora meae.
non ibi sole dies, ibi non sudore parando
pane caret pauper si modo vera ferunt.

THE FORSAKEN.

THE dead are in their silent graves,
And the dew is cold above,
And the living weep and sigh
Over dust that once was love.

Once I only wept the dead,
But now the living cause my pain:
How couldst thou steal me from my tears,
To leave me to my tears again?

My Mother rests beneath the sod,—
Her rest is calm and very deep:
I wished that she could see our loves,
But now I gladden in her sleep.

Last night unbound my raven locks,
The morning saw them turned to gray,
Once they were black and well belov'd,
But thou art chang'd—and so are they!

The useless lock I gave thee once,
To gaze upon and think of me,
Was ta'en with smiles—but this was torn
In sorrow that I send to thee.

T. Hood.

CAESPITE sub tacito vita defuncta quiescunt
corpora quae supra roribus alget humus.
at lacrimis miscens suspiria turba superstes
dilecto cineri se superesse gemunt.
tempus erat flerem solos ubi morte peremptos;
nunc mihi tu vivus cur lacrimemur ades.
an lacrimis me, saeve, redonaturus amaris
sic poteras lacrimis surripuisse meis?
o felix mater tempestiveque sepulta
quam tranquilla quies nec violanda beat:
in partem quoties mihi poscebaris amorum,
nunc tamen hoc laetor quod tibi parta quies.
nigrantes solvit mihi nox hesterna capillos,
canitie sparsos aspicit orta dies.
cum tua sit mutata fides, mirumne capillis
si tibi qui placuit non manet ille color?
forte tibi circumdederam non utile munus
cui posses inhians sic meminisse mei—
ridentem tibi tunc memini me tradere—qui nunc
mittitur, avellit victa dolore manus.

THE NEREID.

THE Nereid maids in days of yore
Saw the lost pilot loose the helm,
Saw the wreck blacken all the shore,
And every wave some head o'erwhelm.

Afar the youngest of the train
Beheld (but fear'd and aided not)
A minstrel from the billowy main
Borne breathless near her coral grot;

Then terror fled, and pity rose...
'Ah me' she cried 'I come too late!
Rather than not have soothed his woes,
I would, but may not, share his fate.'

She raised his hand:—'what hand like this
Could reach the heart athwart the lyre?
What lips like these return my kiss,
Or breathe, incessant, soft desire?'

From eve to morn, from morn to eve,
She gazed his features o'er and o'er,
And those who love, and who believe,
May hear her sigh along the shore.

W. S. Landor.

TEMPUS erat quo Nereidum spectante corona
nauta gubernacli solveret arma sui.
illis naufragio fit nigra tuentibus ora,
nullaque demersum non premit unda caput.
haec videt ex illa quae florentissima turba:
conspicit, at misero ferre timescit opem—
conspicit ut vatem variantibus antra lapillis
exanimem vasti praeferat unda sali.
mox iuvenis miseret posito terrore puellam—
'heu venio,' clamat, 'sera ego, sera nimis—
quam vidisse tuos nec delenisse labores,
malim ego—sed prohibent fata—perire simul.'
inde manu rapta iuvenis—'quanam,' incipit, 'illi
par viget impulsa tangere corda lyra?
labra ubi tam nostris bene responsura labellis,
tam desideriis apta calere meis?'
nec veniente die nec decedente puella
exanimi facie semovet ora viri—
hanc tibi per litus licet exaudire gementem,
si fueris iustae credulitatis amans.

MY dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchy.
And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
Let none beside pretend a part,
Or dare to share with me.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

DELICIAE cordis, Lalage, et spes unica nostri*,
si tibi amatori cura placere tuo,
ne multis pateant dominis tua corda, sed unus
rex sine rivali parvula regna regat.
detestanda bonis quodsi discordia sensus
distrahet ambigua seditione tuos—
mentis in aede tuae si plebs convenerit, illic
me quoque ne speres affore—nullus ero.
fortis Alexander partiri non tulit orbem:
hoc ego, non alio foedere regna volo.
est hic, est animus divisi spretor amoris
participem regni nec sinit esse sui.
scilicet aut animi nimis est in amore pusilli
ille vir, aut sentit se meruisse parum;
omnia qui dubiis refugit committere talis,
ut levis arbitrio stetve cadatve deae.

* Altera versio:

unice noster amor, nullam plebecula partem
vindicet in cordis parvula regna tui:
rex habeat: sin ulla tuos discordia sensus
distulerit, sanctis non toleranda viris,
ambiguus sub corde tuo sedeatve senatus:
ex illo fuerit tempore noster amor.
non erit ut nobis rursus amare, Chloe.

O SWEETEST face of all the faces
About my way,
A light for night and lonely places,
A day in day;

If you will touch and take and pardon
What I can give,
Take this a flower into your garden
And bid it live.

It is not worth your love or praises
For aught its own;
Yet Proserpine would smile on daisies
Sicilian-grown;

And so beneath your smile a minute
May this rest too,
Although the only virtue in it
Be love of you.

J. W. Mackail.

AD GLYCERAM.

O FACIES cunctis subrident quotquot eunti
dulcior una mihi:
cui nox et loca sola nitent obnoxia, debet
sol iubar ipse novum:
si dare quae possum non dedignabere clemens
tangere, et accipies:
hunc in parte tui florem, mea dona, roseti
pone, morique veta.
nil habet in sese tibi quod laudabile, dignum
quod sit amore tuo:
crinibus ipsa tamen violas Proserpina ridens
implicuit Siculas.
tuque igitur musae paulisper fronte serena
respice dona meae,
sint quamvis placitura nihil mea carmina, si non
his tuus insit amor.

Altera versio.

O FACIES, cui non ego quidquid ubique venusti est
praetulerim, facies o ter amanda mihi:
lumine quae loca sola beas noctemque profundam
laetificasque diem pulchrior ipsa dies.
munera si tenuis non aversata Camenae
tangere vis facili qualiacumque manu,
hunc quoque parte tui florem dignare roseti,
non erit ut pereat te prohibente mori.
ipsa quidem per se nil quod mereatur amorem
munera habent, laudes concilietve tuas—
sed violas modo sint Sicula inter gramina natae
frontem Persephones explicuisse ferunt.
tuque igitur leni mea carmina fronte parumper
respice, sub risu tuta futura tuo,
gratia sit quamvis haec versibus unica nostris
quod tuus in quovis carmine vivit amor*.

* v.l. quod non ulla tuo pagina amore caret.

HE is dead and gone, Lady,
He is dead and gone:
At his head a grass green turf,
At his feet a stone.
White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go
By true-love showers.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

GOOD LUCK'S a very wanton girl:
She'll never long in one place stay.
From off your brow she'll stroke a curl,
Give just one kiss, then fly away.
Ill Luck has most affectionate ways:
Her arms she fondly round you throws;
"I'm in no hurry, Sir," she says,
Then sits beside your bed, and sews.

(Translation from HEINE.)

OCCIDIT, domina, occidit.
lumine e supero exiit:
caespes cui viridis caput
cui pedes lapis urget.
montana nive purior
sindon sparsa rosis tegit,
quas deflet capulum ut petunt
multum uxorius imber.

QUID Bona Fortuna est? mira levitate puella,
inque uno dudum stare dolosa loco.
seposito cirro dum suspicis oscula fronti
vix premit, et celeri se rapit inde fuga.
quid Mala Fortuna est? hedera ambitiosior illa
te tenet amplexu non abitura suo.
'cur properem nihil est' inquit. 'sinit hora morari,'
et sedet ad lectum fila trahitque tuum.

SONG.

EARL MARCH looked on his dying child,
And smit with grief to view her—
The youth, he cried, whom I exiled,
Shall be restored to woo her.
She's at the window many an hour
His coming to discover:
And *he* looked up to Ellen's bower,
And *she* looked on her lover—
But ah! so pale, he knew her not,
Though her smile on him was dwelling.
And am I then forgot—forgot?
It broke the heart of Ellen.
In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,
Her cheek is cold as ashes;
Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
To lift their silken lashes.

THOS. CAMPBELL.

VIDERAT ut natam pallentem morte futura
Marcius haec tacitus corda dolore gemit.
'qui per me patria iuvenis procul exulat ora
sponsus erit natae, me revocante, meae.'
praetereunt horae: non deserit illa fenestram,
ne veniens oculos fallat amantis amans.
ille redux Helenae turrim, loca nota, tuetur:
cernit amatorem non minus ipsa suum.
non tamen ille suam—quamvis arrideat illi—
agnoscit—tantus pallor in ore sedet.
ergo non meminit nostri? cor fracta dolore
non meminit? lingua deficiente gemit.
hei mihi! nil lacrimae, nil tot suspiria prosunt:
non redit expulsus rursus ad ora calor *.
non semel occlusos Amor ipse recludet ocellos,
mille licet, cupide basia mille, ferat.

* v.l. quin cinere extincto palleat ora magis.

ONCE a dream did weave a shade
O'er my angel-guarded bed,
That an emmet lost its way
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, 'wildered, and forlorn,
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray,
All heart-broke, I heard her say:

"Oh, my children! do they cry,
Do they hear their father sigh?
Now they look abroad to see,
Now return and weep for me."

Pitying I dropped a tear;
But I saw a glow-worm near,
Who replied, "What wailing wight
Calls the watchman of the night?

"I am set to light the ground,
While the beetle goes his round;
Follow now the beetle's hum;
Little wanderer, hie thee home."

W. BLAKE.

FORTE quiescentis non Dis sine mitibus astant
circumfusa toro somnia mira meo.
caespite nam fulto viridi formicula visa est
incertas reptans ire redire vias.
devia per dubias errat trepidansque tenebras,
sola et inops longae fessa labore viae :
dumque per implicitas virgas frondesque caducas
serpit iter misero talia corde gemit.
'hei mihi, quid nati ? matrem lacrimantur ademptam ?
an movet astantes flensque gemensque pater ?
iamiam prospiciunt videant si forte parentem :
iam referunt tristes, sed sine matre, pedem.'
haec mihi deflenti—nam sors miseranda vagantis—
lampuris subito est reddere visa sonum.
'quaenam me miseris vox evocat ista querellis,
cui nox excubiis pervigilanda data est ?
nempe ego noctivaga tellurem lampade lustro,
circuitus iussos dum scarabaeus obit.
hunc tu pone sequens—ducet vestigia bombus—
iam satis errasti, parvula, perge domum.'

ONCE a dream did weave a shade
O'er my angel-guarded bed,
That an emmet lost its way
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, 'wildered, and forlorn,
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray,
All heart-broke, I heard her say:

"Oh, my children! do they cry,
Do they hear their father sigh?
Now they look abroad to see,
Now return and weep for me."

Pitying I dropped a tear;
But I saw a glow-worm near,
Who replied, "What wailing wight
Calls the watchman of the night?

"I am set to light the ground,
While the beetle goes his round;
Follow now the beetle's hum;
Little wanderer, hie thee home."

W. BLAKE.

Altera versio.

OLIM dum superum favore tutus
somno me recreo, cubile circum
umbram somnia texuere miram.
nam forte in viridi reclinis herba
formicam videor videre callis
huc illuc trepidare nescientem.
quae dum sola vagans misella quaerit
quo flectat dubias pedes per umbras,
virgis implicitos laboriosis,
longo errore pedes viaque fessos,
haec mihi ex animo gemiscit aegro.
'a, proles mea quid facit? requirit
siccine illacrimans tenella matrem?
an tangit patris hos dolor gementis?
iamiam prospiciunt foras, videre
si me forte queant—at inde versos
mater ad lacrimas remittit absens.'
tum me flente super dolore tanto
lampuris subito prope enitescens
'quisnam tam miseris' ait 'querellis
me noctis vigilem ciet patronam?
nam lustrare solum meumst, tenorem
dum pergit scarabaeus ire notum.
hunc bombo duce, si sapis, sequeris:
sic domum venies, misella, parvam.'

THE crafty Nix, more false than fair,
Whose haunt in arrowy Iser lies,
She envied me my golden hair,
She envied me my azure eyes.
The moon with silvery cyphers traced
The leaves and on the waters played :
She rose, she caught me round the waist,
She said, 'Come down with me, fair maid.'
She led me to her crystal grot,
She set me in her coral chair :
She waved her hand and I had not
Or azure eyes or golden hair.
Her locks of jet, her eyes of flame,
Were mine, and hers my semblance fair ;
"O make me, Nix, again the same,
O give me back my golden hair."
She smiles in scorn : she disappears :
And here I sit and see no sun :
My eyes of fire are quenched in tears,
And all my darksome locks undone.

RICHARD GARNETT.

ISERIS in praeceps flumen iaculantis alumna
callidior longe quam speciosa latet.
viderat illa in me flavos stupuitque capillos,
caeruleos oculos—invidiaque tumet.
tempore quo tenui frondes argentea filo
pingeret et summis luna equitaret aquis,
nata maris surgit mediamque amplexa susurrat
'ne mihi te comitem pulchra puella nega.'
nec mora: crustallo pendentia ducit ad antra,
in sellaque locat curalioque suo:
terque manum vibrans 'ubi nunc quae caerula' dixit
'lumina iactabas: nunc ubi flava coma est?'
aemula carboni nymphae coma, lumina flammae
sunt mea: nec specie non nitet illa mea.
'redde meam' clamo 'qualis fuit ante figura:
'o mihi flaventes, Nerei, redde comas.'
at fastu ridens evanuit illa superbo:
hic moror infelix, hic sine sole moror.
amisere faces iam perdita lumina fletu,
nigraque caesaries lege soluta ruit.

ROSE AYLMER.

AH! what avails the sceptred race
Ah! what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

W. S. Landor.

O VENUS, daughter of the mighty Jove,
Most knowing in the mystery of Love,
Help me, oh help me, quickly send relief,
And suffer not my heart to break with grief.
. . . . . .

See, see, she comes in her cerulean car,
Passing the middle regions of the air.
Mark how her nimble sparrows stretch the wing
And with uncommon speed their mistress bring.

(*Incert. auct.*)

QUID nunc sceptrigero clarum genus ordine regum,
quid prodest Paphiae proxima forma Deae?
quo tot virtutes, quo tot praestare lepores?
Almula, cuncta aderant ne morerere tibi.
Almula, quam nobis nox pervigilata reducet
non iterum, o lacrimis saepe negata meis:
at tibi donetur quam per suspiria duco
nox desideriis plena, memorque tui.

PULCHRA Iovis summi suboles, qua nulla sacerdos
certior aligeri callidiorve dei,
alma Venus, succurre mihi, succurre roganti,
neve sine haec perimat saucia corda dolor.
aspicis? ut curru perlabitur aetheris auras
caeruleo, medias ausa secare plagas.
scilicet octavam passerculus explicat alam,
et dominam mira mobilitate rapit.

IF she but knew that I am weeping
Still for her sake,
That love and sorrow grow with keeping
Till they must break,
My heart that breaking will adore her,
Be hers and die;
If she might hear me once implore her,
Would she not sigh?
If she but knew that it would save me
Her voice to hear,
Saying she pitied me, forgave me,
Must she forbear?
If she were told that I was dying
Would she be dumb?
Could she content herself with sighing?
Would she not come?

A. O'Shaughnessy.

AMODO me norit, miserum quae macerat absens,
nunc quoque flere opera, sed sine fine, sua :
et desiderio qui sic foveatur amorem
sumere maiores in mea corda faces :
sic tamen ut quae me cruciatibus urat adorem
voce 'meam' moriens deficiente vocem :
si tantum audierit quae vota miserrima fundo,
non semel ad gemitus ingemat ipsa meos ?
hinc aliquis dicat 'spes una salutis amanti
si vocem audierit, Cynthia dura, tuam :
si dare te veniam, sortis miserescere iniquae
senserit.' an tangi sic quoque corda nefas ?
seu me cognoscat media iam in morte teneri,
me moriente tamen clausa labella gerat ?
a mihi quo gemitus linguaeve silentia clausae * ?
plus dolor hic meruit—cernere rursus erit.

* vv.ll. a mihi quo gemitus ? plus quam suspiria poscit
{hic dolor : ipsa oculos pascet ut ante meos.
{noster amor : potero cernere rursus eram.

BLUE ROSES.

ROSES red and roses white
Plucked I for my love's delight.
She would none of all my posies—
Bade me gather her blue roses.

Half the world I wandered through,
Seeking where such flowers grew ;
Half the world unto my quest
Answered but with laugh and jest.

It may be beyond the grave
She shall find what she would have.
Oh, 'twas but an idle quest—
Roses white and red are best.

R. KIPLING.
[*The Light that Failed.*]

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal,
I had no human fears :
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, nor force :
She neither hears nor sees :
Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks and stones and trees.

W. WORDSWORTH.

MISTA ego puniceis candentia serta rosarum
decerpsi Glycerae dona futura meae.
illa tamen nostras vae! fastidita corollas
'caeruleas' inquit 'tu mihi carpe rosas.'
multas per gentes et multa per oppida quaero
haec ubi nascatur quove sub axe seges—
multas per gentes et multa per oppida quaerens
nil nisi ludibrium, nil nisi probra tuli.
forsan trans Stygias erraverit illa paludes
inveniat natas in sua vota rosas:
me labor hoc vanus docuit—quas fata negarint
in medio positis posthabuisse rosis.

SOPORE vincta mens quiescebat mihi,
humana nil sors terruit:
visa est puella nempe non mortalibus
obnoxia esse saeculis.

non motibus nunc vive fungitur sua,
nil audit illa, nil videt:
tellus diurno volvit orbe virginem
quo saxa rupes arbores.

TO AN OLD ENEMY.

I WOULD have snatch'd a bayleaf from thy brow,
Wronging the chaplet on an honoured head ;
In peace and charity I bring thee now
A lily flower instead.

Pure as thy purpose, blameless as thy song,
Sweet as thy spirit may this offering be :
Forget the bitter blame that did thee wrong,
And take this gift from me.

R. Buchanan
(to D. G. Rossetti).

IOLE.

I WILL not leave the smouldering pyre :
Enough remains to light again :
But who am I to dare desire
A place beside the King of men ?

So burnt my dear Œchalian town :
And I an outcast gazed and groaned.
But when my father's roof fell down,
For all that wrong sweet love atoned.

He led me trembling to the ship,
He seemed at least to love me then ;
He soothed, he clasped me lip to lip :
How strange to wed the King of men.

I linger orphan, widow, slave,
I lived when sire and brethren died ;
Oh, had I shared my mother's grave,
Or clomb unto the hero's side.

That comrade old hath made his moan ;
That centaur cowers within his den :
And I abide to guard alone
The ashes of the King of men.

Alone, beneath the night divine—
Alone, another weeps elsewhere :
Her love for him is unlike mine,
Her wail she will not let me share.

W. Cory [*Ionica*].

ΠΑΛΙΝΩΔΙΑ.

ILLE ego qui volui dempta tibi fronde, corona
nobile Apollinea contemerare caput:
nunc tibi conversus pacati pignus amoris
lilia pro noxa qualiacumque fero.
a tam pura anima, musa tam labe carenti,
tam dulci ingenio si modo digna feram!
at tu parce mihi, linguaeque ignosce nocenti,
neu fuge quod veteri munus ab hoste venit.

IOLE.

NON ego destituam vivas malefida favillas:
est ubi succendat flamma renata rogum.
attamen haec qualis meditor? fiducia quanta,
quae cupiam tanto me sociare viro.
sic memini Oechaliae vidisse incendia carae,
multa gemens patriae me superesse meae:
ipsa Lares patrios vidi considere in ignes,
at mala compensat quae tulit almus amor.
duxit enim tremulam secum conscendere navem,
me quoque eo saltem visus amare die est.
solatur tristem, figitque labella labellis:
tamne humilem primo nubere posse virum!
nunc moror orba viro, nunc serva, parentibus orba,
post patris et fratrum fata superstes ego.
cui fuerit melius sepeliri matre sepulta
inve rogo positi scandere ad ossa viri.
iamque senex comitem suprema voce vocavit,
Centaurus latebras inter et antra tremit:
una moror caras custoditura favillas
qui cinis est, hominum qui modo primus erat*.
sola ego, sola moror dia sub nocte, nec illic
non urget lacrimis altera sola virum.
dissimiles in amore sumus; dolet illa peremptum:
participem luctus me vetat esse sui.

* v.l. parvas relliquias, qui modo quantus erat.

TO THE INFALLIBLE.

OLD Angler, what device is thine
To draw my pleasant friends from me?
Thou fishest with a silken twine,
Not the coarse nets of Galilee.

In stagnant vivaries they lie,
Forgetful of their ancient haunts:
And how shall one that standeth by
Refrain his open mouth from taunts?

How? by remembering this, that he
Like them in eddies whirled about,
Felt less: for so they disagree:
He could, they could not, bear to doubt.

W. Cory [*Ionica*].

PISCATOR escis qualibus vafer fidens
amiculos tot surripis mihi dulces,
tu molliora lina sericis tendens,
nec dura retia aequoris Palestini?
vivaria illos stantia impediverunt
captos, locorum oblivione notorum:
at ecquis astans talium arbiter rerum
conviciis aperta temperet labra?
hac arte possit, illud aestimans, sese
iactatum ut illos turbine aleae pleno,
minus tamen sensisse: discrepare illud,
sese labare sustinere non illos.

Altera versio.

QUA te piscator qua te vafer arte sodales
tot mihi quam dulces surripuisse rear?
serica lina soles demittere—tu Galilaei
retia fastidis rusticiora lacus.
stantia nunc illos retinent vivaria captos,
immemores priscos destituere locos:
talia quis meditans spectatum admissus amicus
indignabundis temperet ora iocis?
sic reor: huic subeat simili se gurgite mentis
iactatum sensus non habuisse pares.
inter utrosque hoc est quod discrepat: ille Deorum
pendere non illi sustinuere fidem.

CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

A HUNTER once in that grove reclined
To shun the noon's bright eye,
And oft he woo'd the wandering wind
To cool his brow with its sigh.
While mute lay ev'n the wild bee's hum,
Nor breath could stir the aspen's hair,
His song was still 'Sweet air, O come!'
And Echo answered 'Come, sweet air!'

But hark, what sounds from the thicket rise?
What meaneth that rustling spray?
''Tis the white-horned doe,' the hunter cries,
'I have sought since break of day.'
Alas! 'twas not the white-horned doe
He saw in the rustling grove,
But the bridal veil, as pure as snow,
Of his own young wedded love.

T. Moore.

FORTE quiescebat luco venator in illo
lumine dum Phoebus fervidiore calet:
saepe fatigabat Zephyros auramque vagantem
quae capiti grato murmure ferret opem.
non mussabat apis nimio devicta calore
nec tremulas movit populus alba comas:
'mobilis aura veni' sic voce iterante vocabat—
reddidit huic Echo 'mobilis aura veni.'
qui fragor e dumis veniens profertur ad aures?
quid sibi vult subito spina agitata sono?
'fallor an albenti dama est pulcherrima cornu
saepe' inquit 'primo mane petita mihi?'
quid facis infelix? non est fera: supprime tela:
non cerva in motis vepribus ista crepat:
candida quam cernis mitra est, nive purior ipsa,
qua tua, qua Procris prodit amicta caput.

THE VALE OF LUMIN.

THE stream with languid murmur creeps
In Lumin's flowery vale:
Beneath the dew the Lily weeps
Slow-waving in the gale.

'Cease, restless gale!' it seems to say,
'Nor wake me with thy sighing!
The honours of my vernal day
On rapid wing are flying.

'To-morrow shall the traveller come
Who late beheld me blooming:
His searching eye shall vainly roam
The dreary vale of Lumin.'

With eager gaze and wetted cheek
My wonted haunts along
Thus, faithful Maiden, thou shalt seek
The youth of simplest song.

S. T. Coleridge.
(*Imitated from Ossian.*)

MURMURE qua leni perlabitur amnis amoenam
Luminiae vallem floriferasque plagas,
lilia nocturnis lacrimant umentia guttis
molliter et nutant praetereunte noto.
fallor, an haec mussant? 'aura, intercidere noli
murmuribus somnos irrequieta meos—
quos mihi ver dederat praeterlabuntur honores:
forma perit, nimium praepete rapta fuga.
cras veniet qui me spectaverat ante viator,
quaesitum flores, qui placuere prius:
frustra oculis vallem rimabitur ille pererrans
Luminiam: prisco rura lepore carent'.*
sic cupidos lacrimis oculos madefacta genasque
rura pererrabis qua spatiabar ego:
dum iuvenem frustra, virgo fidissima, quaeris
qui tibi non doctis luserat ante modis.

* v.l. vallis gloria prisca fuit.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

SHELLEY.

POLONIUS TO HIS SON.

YET here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There; my blessing with thee!
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement.

Hamlet, I. iii.

FLORIBUS integros dare me sitientibus imbres,
quos mihi Neptunus praebet uterque, iuvat.
inicioque leves sopitis frondibus umbras
cum cessare dies sole calente iubet.
si quatiam pennas—ros inde excussus ad auras
delicias ruris germina cuncta ciet,
germina quae gremio mater componit in almo,
circuit ut solem mobilis ipsa choris.
me grando torquente gravis sata verberat, herbis
unde novis viridans albicat omne solum.
mox eadem in pluvias me dissoluente liquescit,
inque leves tonitrus ipsa iocosa feror.

MI bone quid cessas? pudeat, Laerta, morari:
insidet en velis aura cupita tuis.
di tibi fortunent iter hoc—sed pauca parentis
accipe quae memori pectore dicta notes.
lingua cave mentem prodat temeraria, neuquid
vix bene conveniens suscipiatur opus.
comiter uteris sociis, sapientius idem
non nimis in plures officiosus eris.
siquis spectata fuerit virtute fideque
hunc adamanteo foedere iunge tibi:
ne tamen hesternos cupide complexa sodales
sordeat in cunctos ambitiosa manus.
ne rixere prior—sin rixa intercidit, illud
effice ut infestis iam metuare viris.
raris sermonem, facilem dabis omnibus aurem:
sic censorem adhibe censor ut esse queas.

HOPE.

I PRAISED the Earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seem'd to say,
'Our beauties are but for a day.'

I praised the sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky;
And moon and sun in answer said,
'Our days of light are numbered.'

O God! O good beyond compare!
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be,
Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee!

R. HEBER.

VESTE formosam viridante terram
forte laudaram, variisque sertis,
et maris campos clipei patentes
more corusci.
'quid die laudas peritura in uno?'
sic queri tellus pelagusque visum,
mox in electro nitidos et auro
deferor axes
solis, et lunae decus almiore
lumine aestivis radians in astris;
'terminus,' reddunt, 'datur, et micamus
limite certo.'
o Deus vere Pater, o Benigne
Dive, cui nil est simile aut secundum,
si beat tali manus ista forma
vilia rerum—
tale si terrae decus obsoletae et
incolis pravis dedit—a fruetur
regia quali tua turba, Christi
sanguine sospes.

GENERAL GORDON.

WARRIOR of God, man's friend, not here below
But somewhere dead far in the waste Soudan:
Thou livest in all hearts; for all men know,
This earth hath borne no nobler, simpler man.

TENNYSON.

1. CHRISTI miles eras, miseris succurrere praesens:
nescio qua Mauro caese sub axe iaces.
at spiras hominum per pectora cognite nulli
cedere virtutis simplicitate tuae.

2. MILES fide Dei, memores qui saepe merendo
praestiteras homines,
nunc tua nescio qua Libycas procul inter harenas
ossa inhumata cubant.
ast ubicumque iaces populi tamen ista medullis
spirat inusta fides.
constat enim cunctis non altius esse creatum
simpliciusve caput.

3. OSSIBUS haec caret urna tuis, qui nuper in omni
gente laborabas signa secute Dei.
ipse inter vastas sine nomine corpus harenas
nescio qua Mauro caese sub axe iaces.
at vivis vivesque hominum per corda, nec umquam
terra tulit maius simpliciusve caput.

RECESSIONAL. July, 1897.

GOD of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word
Thy Mercy on thy People, Lord! Amen.

R. KIPLING.
[*The Five Nations.*]

DIS TE MINOREM, ETC.

COGNITE nostrorum toties tutela parentum
credita cui longe signa Britanna volant,
si moderante tua quae dirigit omnia dextra
nos pinus dominos, palma remota vocat :
tu Deus armipotens populum ne desere nostrum
neve sine immemorem numinis esse tui.
iamque triumphantum strepitus languescere coepit,
miles abit, regum praeterit illa manus :
vox tua semper adest tantum pia dona probantis
quae scelere et fastu libera corda ferant.
a ades, Armipotens, nobis modo iusta precemur
neve sine immemores nos Pater esse tui.
portibus his mutant peregrinos carbasa portus,
litoraque et speculas deseruere faces—
hesternique hodie fugit decus omne triumphi
quo Tyriae gazae quo Babylonis opes.
parce, Deus, gentes trutina qui pendis in aequa,
neu nos immemores vindicis esse sinas.
si tantas dum spectat opes plebs ebria fastu
effreno Numen spreverit ore tuum :
si velut externi fuerit iactantior aequo
barbaricas referens ambitiosa minas—
nos, Pater omnipotens, ne desere vana tumentes
neve sine oblitos deperiisse tui.
seu quis ballistas ferrumve volatile Martis
sat sibi praesidii barbarus esse putat—
si sibi confisus sine te vult tecta tueri
quae locat in fragili, venerat unde, solo—
quae lingua insipiens vesanave gloria fudit—
his, Pater, ignoscas, des veniamque tuis.

Royal Dublin Fusiliers.
Royal Irish Fusiliers.
Oct. 20, 1899.

TALANA HILL.

PEACE to the empty rhetorical prater,
Peace to your patriot chatter and brag!
What! did you dream that the Celt was a traitor,
Dream that the soldier was false to his flag?
Hurl, if it please you, your windy defiance,
Rant of the deeds that you never will do,
Eloquent Dillons and frothy O'Briens—
Slander not men that are better than you.

Waiting the word that would call them to action,
Steeling their courage to conquer or fall,
Little they recked of the babble of faction,
Soldiers of Ireland afar in Natal:
Only they knew that the guns were before them,
Only they knew there was honour to gain—
Charged on the foe for the island that bore them,
Routed and chased them o'er mountain and plain.

'Tis not in speech is a country's salvation;
Lads that can fall with their face to the foe,—
These are the men to make Ireland a nation:
Slainte, O Irish, who fought at Glencoe!
Saxon and Celt though they try to dissever,
Faction may part us and seas be between—
Soldiers are links to unite us for ever—
Soldiers of Erin who died for the Queen.

A. D. Godley,
in *Spectator*, Nov. 4, 1899.
[Republished in *Second Strings.*]

A. D. XIII. KAL. NOV.

ASILEANT patriae simulantia iurgia amorem,
quaeque leves iactas, garrula turba, minas.
utne fidem Celtae possent sic fallere? miles
signa suum ferret destituisse decus?
sive libet, vani spirent certamina folles,
grandia, non vobis perficienda, crepent:
at, facunde Thraso, Bucco ventose, timete
plus vobis meritos rodere dente viros.
scilicet hi pugnae sperant dum signa, parati
vincere, sive ferent sic sua fata, mori.
nil strepitus curant odia aut civilia: tantum
pro patria, quamvis sit procul, arma gerunt.
solum illud novere, viam per tela per hostes
scindere: laus tantum morte paranda trahit.
at patriae memores, gremio quae foverat, hostem
per iuga per campos turbinis instar agunt.
sin erit ut gentes inter numeretur Ierne
non verba id facient (non venit inde salus),
mascula sed proles contemptrix mortis—Hiberni,
vos bene, Glencovae qui cecidistis agro!
dissimiles gentes discordia separet: esto:
dissocietque fretum: qua socientur habent.
unanimam facies gentem tu, prodige nostra
pro regina animae, miles Hiberne, tuae.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:
't was Autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part,
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOS. CAMPBELL.

CESSANDUM cecinere tubae labentibus umbris
sideraque excubias visa agitare polo;
multa hominum terrae dederant se milia, fessis
ut sopor, aut ictis mors sua ferret opem.
hic mihi in effuso iaceo dum stramine ad ignem—
arcebat caesis nam pia flamma lupos—
nocte super media dulcissima venit imago
praecepitque novum ter renovata diem.
nam procul ex acie feralique ordine martis
ipse fero solus per loca sola pedes.
forte auctumnus erat risuque excepit amoeno
rura revisentem sol patriosque Lares.
ad loca, quae toties vernanti pectore primo
militiae pressi limite, cara volo.
balantur propriae domino de rupe capellae,
messoresque sonant turba canora Linum.
tum 'me nulla dies'—sic inter pocula iuro—
'distrahet a sociis flentibus aque domo.'
oscula dant iterantque patri creberrima nati,
laetitiaque ipsa victa marita gemit.
'aeger es, o maneas'—'tempus requiescere' clamant:
ipse via fessus militiaque volo.
sed redeunte mihi redeunt cum luce dolores,
voxque soporata dulcis ab aure cadit.

WAR SONG OF DINAS VAWR.

THE mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition;
We met a host and quelled it;
We forced a strong position
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
We met them and o'erthrew them;
They struggled hard to beat us;
But we conquered them and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us;
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.
He fled to his hall pillars;
And ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

Convectare iuvat praedas et vivere rapto.
Aen. VII. 749.

SUAVIUS agna sapit quae per iuga pascitur: esto:
pinguior at campi gramina tondet ovis.
ergo ubi res agitur, sit uter rapientibus aptus,
huic illum placuit posthabuisse gregem.
protinus armati prorumpimus agmine facto:
conveniunt hostes: dant cito terga fugae.
arx munita fuit: nihil arx obstare valebat:
irruimus caesis qui tenuere viris.
Diffediam petimus: vallem quis nescit amoenam?
pascit ubi nitidos pinguior herba greges.
implemus vallem discursibus undique latis,
inde paraturi, turba gulosa, dapes.
prosiliunt hostes: pugna concurritur acri:
fundimus oppositas Marte favente manus.
fortiter enixi—neque enim ludicra petuntur—
confugiunt—metus hos, hos gravis hasta domat.
nec mora—rex facili praeda oppressurus ovantes
quippe parum cautos, obvius agmen agit.
nil furor effrenis valuit, quin protinus impar
non bene congresso milite, terga daret.
regia tecta petit Pariis effulta columnis,
nec prius edomito linquimus hoste locos.
quam spolient aliis pars condita vina, domumque
praecisum domini pars caput ense ferant.

We there in strife bewildering,
Spilt blood enough to swim in;
We orphaned many children
And widowed many women:
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen;
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle
And the head of him who owned them:
Edryfed, king of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts
And his overthrow our chorus.

THOS. LOVE PEACOCK.

sic nos ancipiti facimus certamine Martis
sanguinis ut largo flumine cuncta natent;
multa dolet per nos proles orbata parentum,
multa suo mulier flet viduata viro.
at gaudent aquilae, corvique avidissima turba
queis dedimus gratas, corpora multa, dapes.
nil valuit virtus, nihil ipsa ignavia—mortem
arcebant domino tela nec hasta suo.
inde revertentes post tot certamina laeti
praedam agimus—sed tu, gens spoliata, doles.
praedam agimus capita inde boum bis mille caputque
ipsius, armentum quem penes omne fuit.
Diffediae nuper late dominatus in agris,
nunc spolia elatum praebet opima caput.
pro signo caput hic—vina hic pecudesque ministrat
pro dapibus, victus carmen et ipse fuit.

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM.

HE spoke; and Sohrab smiled on him, and took
The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased
His wound's imperious anguish; but the blood
Came welling from the open gash, and life
Flow'd with the stream;—all down his cold white side
The crimson torrent ran, dim now and soil'd,
Like the soil'd tissue of white violets
Left, freshly gather'd, on their native bank,
By children whom their nurses call with haste
Indoors from the sun's eye; his head droop'd low,
His limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he lay—
White, with eyes closed; only when heavy gasps,
Deep heavy gasps quivering through all his frame,
Convulsed him back to life, he open'd them,
And fix'd them feebly on his father's face;
Till now all strength was ebb'd, and from his limbs
Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
Regretting the warm mansion which it left,
And youth, and bloom, and this delightful world.

M. Arnold.

DIXIT, et arridens patri puer arripit hastam,
si latere extractum levet imperiosius ulcus:
at sanguis exundat aperto volnere, et una
vita fluit: gelidumque latus cruor irrigat olim
marmoreum, sed nunc letali tabe nigrescens.
haud secus albentes violarum saepe coronas
sic temere abiecere suae inter gramina ripae
ludentes pueri carptas modo, sedula nutrix
si vocat ex agris medio iam sole perustis.
illis forma perit, vetus et sordescere candor—
sic iuveni cervix cecidit, membrisque solutis
pallidus, immotus iacuit: iam lumina claudit:
tantum si gravibus singultibus ilia pulsans
in vitam retrahens quatit aeger anhelitus artus,
pandit et in patrio vix figit hebentia vultu.
iamque abiit vis omnis et indignata refugit
vita artus calidam sedem floremque requirens
et praerepta sibi grati oblectamina mundi.

VIRGINIA.

WHEN Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered and sank down,
And hid his face some little space with the corner of his gown,
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the knife on high.
'Oh! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;
And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!'
So spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and went his way;
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then, with steadfast feet,
Strode right across the market-place unto the Sacred Street.

MACAULAY'S *Lays.*

Ἔτλα δ' οὖν θυτὴρ γενέσθαι θυγατρός.

AT miser his visis pallens tremulusque resedit
Appius, ora togae velans subtemine paulum,
ante ipsum donec gressu titubante tribunal
constitit extollens cultrum Verginius udum,
ora pater pallens, magnaque haec voce profatur
sanguineas volvens acies—'O numina, noctem
quae colitis, Manesque Erebi, Diraeque peremptos
ulcisci solitae—vos hanc decernite litem,
per calidum precor hoc dilecto sanguine ferrum;
quemque mihi generique meo se praebuit, idem
tales inveniat vos Appius—ipse, nepotesque,
et nati natorum et qui nascentur ab illis.'
sic fatus caesae pater a se virginis, illinc
se rapit: ad natae vultum tamen ante cadaver
exsanguem vertit, cruciataque pectora rumpens
horrendo gemitu sic per fora vadit aperta
inque Sacrum recto fertur iam limite Vicum.

THE HOUSE OF MORPHEUS.

* * * * * *

WHOSE double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire framed of burnisht yvory,
The other, all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care, their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe:
By them the sprite doth pass in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he finds: of nothing he takes keepe.

And more to lull him in his slumber soft
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever drizzling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne;
No other noyse, no people's troublous cryes,
As still are wont to annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard, but carelesse Quiet lyes
Wrapt in eternal silence farre from enimyes.

E. SPENSER.

MORPHEUS.

SUNT geminae Somni portae, quarum haec elephanto
candenti perfecta, argentoque altera puro
enitet: has firmo veniens videt obice clausas:
excubat ante fores vigilum custodia longe
fida canum, ne cura queat penetrare latebras,
quae solet insidiis mitem vexare Soporem.
hos umbra ingrediens fallit, dum Morphea quaerit:
ipse deus, membris alto languore sepultis,
discumbebat iners cura semotus ab omni.
quodque magis mollem queat invitare soporem
leniter a scopulo crepitans delabitur alto
lympha: nec in tectum guttae stillare cadentes
permixtae placido venti cum murmure cessant.
qualia saepe favis emissa examina mussant
sedula apum, suadentque leves ferventia somnos.
caetera pace sedent alta—non improba turba
plebs fremit, audiri munita per oppida quales
saepe queunt sonitus: omni procul hoste remoto,
inviolanda Quies aeterna oblivia ducit.

NOR yet alike to all without alloy
Hath Freedom dealt an undivided joy:
Some unconfined, their wonted pleasures call—
Some, second captives, mourn a second thrall:
And some, the youthful fathers of the state,
Within those walls maintain the grave debate.
And who but longed to pierce the sacred gloom
Which ever veiled that wonder-haunted room!
What eye but strove, adventurous, to explore
With secret glimpses through the half-closed door,
When all around in solemn order set,
O'er high designs that secret synod met!
What Muse may tell what beardless Catos shone
With borrowed thoughts and thunder not their own?
What vices bowed to Satire's arrowy hail;
What kings, what empires, trembled in the scale:
What keen discernment found an easy road,
Where wisest statesmen long had darkling trod;
While youth assumed upon its mimic stage
The dignity without the sense of age.

W. J. HOPE-EDWARDES.
[*Prooemia.*]

AT non delicias cunctis sine labe fruendas
indelibatas diva Vacuna dedit.
musarum trahit hos vacuos sua quemque voluptas,
hi, bis capta cohors, altera vincla dolent:
hos autem iuvenes patriae columenque patresque
parietibus clausos publica cura tenet.
et quis non voluit sacras penetrare tenebras—
atriaque arcanis relligiosa suis?
cui non temptatum est oculo rimante tueri
ianua quae prodat semiadaperta domus,
sollemni quoties circumsedet ordine coetus
altaque summota plebe severus agit?
quae musa imberbes poterit numerare Catones
fulmina librantes non sua mente notha?
quae vitia hic satira ceu grandine pressa labarint,
damnarit posita regna quot urna pila?
ardua per senibus palantibus invia dudum
quam facile invenit vis puerilis iter,
ampullatur uti puer et se Nestora credit
si foret ingenium, cetera paene senex!

PLANTATION SONG.

FAIREST of darkie daughters
Was Dinah Doe:
Smile like the laughing waters
Of the Ohio.
Hair like the golden sunset
Or the autumn sheaf:
Eyes like the dewdrop
On the violet leaf.
Oh Dinah Doe,
In 'Dinny or Virginy oh as golden as a guinea
Are the tresses of my Dinah Doe.

When to the banjo's tinkle
Sang Dinah Doe,
Sweet stars began to twinkle
On the Ohio:
And with her bright eyes gleaming
Laughed she to me sweet,
And her golden locks in dancing
Kissed her lily feet.
Wed me and wed no other,
Dear Dinah Doe,
I'll go and ask your mother
On the Ohio.
Ole mudder talkee talkee—
Too long I stay—
Dinah wed another darkie
While I was away.

BOMBYKA ΧΑΡΙΕΣΣΑ.

AFRICA quotquot habet pulchris Bombyca puellis
praenituit fusci flosque decusque chori.
tot veneres quis rite canat? non ipsa puella
risit amabilius fluminis unda sui.
aurea caesaries—non auctumnalis aristas
pulchrior occidui solis inaurat honor.
talis ocellorum species praelucida qualis
cernitur in viola rore madente novo.
aureolis nostrae crinem certare fatetur
India, et a magna virgine dictus ager.
ad citharam quoties cecinit Bombyca, micare
sidera certabant fluminis inter aquas,
saepe mihi lepidum nitidis subrisit ocellis,
saltantisque coma est tangere visa pedes.
a, mihi si, Bombyca, velis te iungere, matrem
exorem—generum me sinat esse suum.
ventum erat ad matrem—vixit prope fluminis undas—
a, miseram nimiae garrulitatis anum.
nam dum causando mihi fit mora, duxerat alter
fortuna melior parque colore meam.

PLANTATION SONG.

FAIREST of darkie daughters
Was Dinah Doe:
Smile like the laughing waters
Of the Ohio.
Hair like the golden sunset
Or the autumn sheaf:
Eyes like the dewdrop
On the violet leaf.
Oh Dinah Doe,
In 'Dinny or Virginy oh as golden as a guinea
Are the tresses of my Dinah Doe.

When to the banjo's tinkle
Sang Dinah Doe,
Sweet stars began to twinkle
On the Ohio:
And with her bright eyes gleaming
Laughed she to me sweet,
And her golden locks in dancing
Kissed her lily feet.
Wed me and wed no other,
Dear Dinah Doe,
I'll go and ask your mother
On the Ohio.
Ole mudder talkee talkee—
Too long I stay—
Dinah wed another darkie
While I was away.

Altera versio.

O FORMOSIOR omnibus
fuscis, Mopsa, puellulis,
quae tuas Veneres canat
fusci Musa coloris?
rides: nempe iocosius
quam flumen lepidum tuum.
ceu flavet seges, occidens
cum sol tingit aristas
flavet caesaries tibi:
talis luminibus lepor
qualis rore madentium
fit color violarum.
testor Parthenicam plagam
testor India quos alit,
flavere aureolos minus
quam flavet coma Mopsae.
si Mopsa ad citharam canit
stellae carmine tinnulo
ductae, per tremulas aquas
ludunt luce proterva.
ridens me mihi surripit
Mopsae dulcis ocellulus:
saltantis trepidant pedes
flavi tangere crines.
a si nubere tu velis
contemptis aliis mihi,
matrem conveniam tuam
propter fluminis undas.
linguae sit male garrulae
nam dum nectit anus moras
nubit pro pudor! alteri
fusco Mopsa marito.

THE DUCHESS'S SONG.

SPEAK roughly to your little boy,
And beat him when he sneezes:
He only does it to annoy,
Because he knows it teases.

I speak severely to my boy,
I beat him when he sneezes;
For he can thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when he pleases!

LEWIS CARROLL.
[*Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.*]

Idem Latine:

E LUDOVICI CAROLI NEPHELOCOCCYGIA.

VOCE notes puerum—nocuit clementia parvis:
sternuerit, colaphos terque quaterque ferat.
scilicet ut tangat materno corda dolore
id facit, et gaudet displicuisse suis.

saepe puer linguae, seu sternuit ille sinistra
seu dextra, patitur verbera, saepe manus.
et meruit plagas: quid enim praestantius illi
quam piper, est animo si sapiente, sapit?

THE ROMAN ROAD AT HAILEYBURY.

QUA tholus erigitur spatioso fornice candens,
finitimos inter conspiciendus agros;
quo male cinctorum per lubrica saxa virorum
currentes totiens intonuere pedes:
si suadente deo qui te, Palinure, peremit
officium lecto posthabuere suum:
hic ubi sedulitas regnat—iuvenilia fervent
qua studia, et strepitant seria mixta iocis,
olim silva fuit, vacuisque errabat in agris
caeruleo plebes corpora picta vitro.
haud procul hinc locus est, ubi pinguibus anser in herbis
pascitur in festum, bellice Dive, tuum:
inde trahit nomen viridique e caespite, quem fons
irrigat haud unquam deficientis aquae.
haec tibi transgresso, nisi te pila concita ferro
contudit, ante oculos semita lata patet.
semita lata patet—silvis hinc clausa comatis,
hinc senis hirsuti limina servat Hylax.
ire per hanc noli, nisi tecum tollere glebas
haesuroque cupis pinguia crura luto:
nam via graminea est, salebrisque ingentibus horret
quas faciunt gravibus stridula plaustra rotis.
at si perfodias baculo scrutante per herbas
disposita invenias ordine saxa suo.
ipsaque se rectum tendens via more sagittae
iam tibi Romanum testificetur opus.
hac ibat legio galeis aquilisque coruscans
in nostros quotiens arma moveret avos.
nec non saepe bonae per amica silentia lunae
(qualis amor nunc est talis et ante fuit)
hic spatiabatur festo, nisi fallor, amictu
candida cum Gaio Gaia venusta suo.

TO THE YOUNG CITY MEN.

To make much of (Luncheon) Time: or a Counsel to Clerks. (After Herrick.)

GATHER ye fish bones, while you may,
The dinner hour is flying,
And this same cod that's boiled today
Tomorrow will be frying.

The handsome clock of ormolu
A quarter past is showing:
And soon will be a quarter to
When you must think of going.

That man eats best who eats the first
When fish and plates are warmer:
But being cold the worse and worst
Fare still succeeds the former.

Then be not coy but use your lungs
And while ye may cry 'Waiter,'
For having held but once your tongue
You may repent it later.

Punch:
March 26, 1892.

CARPITE dum fas est squamosas carpite tramas,
avolat hinc raptas quae sinit hora dapes:
quique madens hodie ferventibus exit aenis
crastina iam sparulus mensa, sed assus, erit.
iam clepsydra, vides? partem chrysendeta quartam
concessi spatii praeteriisse monet;
quae modo bis tantam tibi destillaverit undam,
iam fuerit crudo tempus abire tibi.
hic, mihi crede, sapit qui prima obsonia cepit,
huic sua cum calido pisce patella calet:
altera frigidior mensa est—peiorque secunda
tertia, progenie deteriore venit.
his monitus puerum posito deposce pudore,
neve time costas rumpere voce tuas.
crede mihi, stulta est clementia parcere linguae,
sera tamen poenas exiget ira gulae.

AD VERGILIUM.

HOR. *Carm.* I. 24.

Quis desiderio sit pudor.

SHALL any shame bid our regret be mute
For one so dear?—to lead the dirge be mine,
Melpomene, to whom the Sire gave lute
And liquid voice divine.
And doth Quintilius sleep eternally?
O pure-eyed Faith, of Justice sister dear,
And unbedizened fair Simplicity,
Where shall ye find his peer?
Oh many truest hearts our loss deplore,
But thine, my Virgil, feels the deepest rift;
Thou, vainly pious, bidst the gods restore
The loan and not the gift.
Yet though the forest trees thy lute obeyed,
More suasive than the Thracian's magic hand,
The blood returns not to the unbodied shade
That once the herald's wand
Of him who loosens not the bar of fate
To human prayers, with that dark flock hath penned:
'Tis hard; but patience robs of half their weight
The ills we may not mend.

AD MAECENATEM.

HOR. *Carm.* III. 29.

Tyrrhena regum progenies.

O TUSCAN son of kingly race,
Maecenas, store of mellow wine
Unbroached as yet, with rosy twine
And new-prest oil thy locks to grace,
Long waits thee here: then shun delay
Nor idly view moist Tibur still,
Aesula's corn slopes, and the hill
Of him who did his father slay.
Change to the rich is sweet, I trow,
And cleanly feast by poor man spread—
No curtain's purple gloom o'erhead—
Hath power to smooth the careful brow.
Come leave thy cloud-embosomed dome,
And fly the pomp that can but pall,
A little cease to worship all
The smoke and wealth and din of Rome.
Lo now Andromeda's sire ablaze
Shows his hid flame, and Procyon stares,
And the fierce lion maddening glares
Since the sun brings back sultry days.
Seek, weary shepherd, weary sheep,
Shade, stream and Silvan's bosky rest,
Nor any wandering winds molest
The silent bank's unruffled sleep.
Thou careful for thy country's state,
Sit'st watching anxious at the helm
Seres and Cyrus' Bactrian realm
And Tanais' self-destroying hate.
The issues of the after-years
Wise God has cast in murky night:
He smiles if any mortal wight
Vexes his soul with fruitless fears.

Firmly the present rule: all else
  Flows like the stream that now is fain
  Peaceful to seek the Etruscan main,
Anon wave-eaten stones compels,
And trees and kine, and men's abodes
  Together swirls—The crashing wrack
  Forest and mountain thunder back,
What time the flood to madness goads
The quiet streams. Blest who each even
  Can boast him, in himself entire,
  I've lived: tomorrow let the Sire
With pitchy cloud possess the heaven,
Or lustrous ray—He marreth nought
  That hath been done, nor moulds anew
  Whate'er is past, nor may undo
That which the fleeting hour hath brought.
Fortune, whose trade is human hearts,
  Persistent in her wanton game
  Shifts fickle praise from name to name,
Smiles now on me and now departs.
I praise her staying: let her shake
  Swift wings, her gifts I all disown
  And in the worth that is mine own
Self-wrapt, unto myself I take
Undowered honest poverty.
  What though the storm-struck mast should foam,
  I flee not, I, to prayer and moan,
Nor bargain lest the greedy sea
Be richer for my argosies.
  Then in my little cock-boat safe,
  Howe'er the Aegean roar and chafe,
The Twain shall waft me and the breeze.

CATULLUS, *Carm.* III.

Lugete o Veneres Cupidinesque.

O LOVES and Cupids all, make moan,
And men of grace where'er you be,
The sparrow of my love is gone,
The darling of my bright Ladie.
She loved him better than her een,
For sweeter he than honey dew,
And he had learnt to know his queen
As ever maid her mother knew.
He'd never from her bosom rove,
But hopping here and hopping there
He'd chirp and twitter to my Love,
Still voiceless to another ear.
And now, poor pilgrim, to that bourne
He treads alone the gloomy track
From whence they say is no return.
But out upon ye, shadows black
Of cruel Orcus, ever fain
To prey on all things sweet and fair,
So sweet a sparrow have ye ta'en
To glut your wrath, my heart to tear.
Ah cruel deed! ah pet ill-starred!
Poor birdie—now with weeping wild
Swollen and red, thy loss has marred
The sweetest eyes that ever smiled.

APOLLINARI MITTIT CORONAM ROSEAM.

I, FELIX rosa, mollibusque sertis
nostri cinge comas Apollinaris;
quas tu nectere candidas, sed olim,
sic te semper amet Venus, memento.

MARTIAL VII. 89.

DE COLUMBA ARETULLAE.

AERA per tacitum delapsa sedentis in ipsos
fluxit Aretullae blanda columba sinus.
luserat hoc casus, nisi inobservata maneret,
permissaque diu nollet abire fuga.
si meliora piae fas est sperare sorori,
et dominum mundi flectere vota valent,
haec a Sardois tibi forsitan exulis oris,
fratre reversuro, nuncia venit avis.

MARTIAL VIII. 32.

From Martial.

GO, happy rose, grace softly twined
The locks of my Apollinaris:
And, so may still be Venus kind,
In after years his temples bind
When white with timely eld his hair is.

From Martial.

A MILD dove gliding through the air
In Aretulla's lap it sank:
And but that it stayed nestling there
We sure had deemed it fortune's prank.
If sister fond may hope once more
And prayers may bend the King of men,
It heralds from Sardinia's shore
Her exile brother home again.

LEPIDISSIMUS liber est M. Varronis ex satiris Menippeis qui inscribitur *Nescis quid vesper serus vehat*, in quo disserit de apto convivarum numero deque ipsius convivii habitu cultuque. Dicit autem convivarum numerum incipere oportere a Gratiarum numero et progredi ad Musarum, id est proficisci a tribus et consistere in novem, ut cum paucissimi convivae sunt, non pauciores sint quam tres, cum plurimi, non plures quam novem. Nam multos (inquit) esse non convenit, quod turba plerumque est turbulenta, et Romae quidem stat, sedet Athenis, nusquam autem cubat. Ipsum deinde convivium constat (inquit) ex rebus quattuor et tum denique omnibus suis numeris absolutum est, si belli homunculi conlecti sunt, si electus locus, si tempus lectum, si apparatus non neglectus. Nec loquaces autem (inquit) convivas nec mutos legere oportet, quia eloquentia in foro et apud subsellia, silentium vero non in convivio sed in cubiculo esse debet. Sermones igitur id temporis habendos censet non super rebus anxiis aut tortuosis sed iucundos atque invitabiles et cum quadam inlecebra et voluptate utiles, ex quibus ingenium nostrum venustius fiat et amoenius. Quod profecto (inquit) eveniet si de id genus rebus ad communem vitae usum pertinentibus confabulemur, de quibus in foro atque in negotiis agendi non est otium. Dominum autem (inquit) convivii esse oportet non tam lautum quam sine sordibus, et in convivio legi non omnia debent sed ea potissimum quae simul sint *βιωφελῆ* et delectent. Neque non de secundis quoque mensis, cuius modi esse eas oporteat, praecipit. His enim verbis utitur: bellaria (inquit) ea maxime sunt mellita quae mellita non sunt, *πέμμασιν* enim cum *πέψει* societas infida.

ap. AUL. GELL. xiii. 11.

[This Translation was awarded First Prize in the *Journal of Education* Competition, May 1887.]

THERE is a witty paper of Varro's, to be found among his "Satires of Menippus," and entitled "Know'st not the Joys that Vesper brings?" wherein he discourses on the dinner-party and its arrangements, and especially on the number to form an ideal party. This, he says, should begin with the Muses, and go as far as the Graces—that is, start at three and end with nine—so as to be, at the smallest never smaller than three, at the most never more than nine. For that there be many, he says, is not convenient, seeing that you may not have a crowd without noise and crowding, and they nowhere recline, but either stand as at Rome, or sit as at Athens. Furthermore, he goes on, four points are necessary to make your dinner perfect and complete: good fellows to meet, good place and season to meet in, and a good table. Again, in the choosing of the guests, we should look for those who will neither chatter nor be mum, for eloquence befits the forum and the senate; silence suits the bed-chamber, rather than the hall. Accordingly, he lays it down that the conversation on such occasions should deal, not with burning or intricate questions, but with pleasant and attractive topics, where utility should be blended with charm and pleasantness, so as to draw out the agreeable and amiable side of us. And this, says he, will come about if we converse on the subjects of every-day life, for the discussion of which we have no time in the press of business. Moreover, in the master of the feast, not elegance is required, but rather absence of meanness, and the readings should be not indiscriminate, but such as tend to the instruction and amusement of the hearers. He also prescribes what the dessert should be, using these words: "those delicates will be most sugared wherein is least sugar, for dainties are but treasonable allies to a dainty digestion."

PRAECEPTORES COLLEGII HAILEYBURIENSIS
CANCELLARIO CURIAE SENATUI
UNIVERSITATIS GLASGUENSIS
S. D. P.*

QUAMVIS summo nostro dolore continuae nos occupationes et quae debetur pueris maxima vigilantia prohibeat quominus sacris vestris intersimus, ne putaveritis, viri doctissimi, nos tam honorificae invitationis immemores vel incuriosos esse potuisse, praesertim cum litterae vestrae, mellitissimo humanitatis lepore imbutae, studiorum communium amorem et evocent et demonstrent. Liceat saltem Almae Matri Glasguensi, et qua nunc fruitur, sicut merita est, felicitatem gratulari, et in futurum bona omnia ominari, ut, quae per CCCCL annos omnium bonarum artium semper fautrix fuerit, tantum laudis et doctrinae perennitate vigeat, ut eam totidem annis praeterlapsis sacra saecularia viribus adhuc integris inter omnium plausus instaurantem videat posteritas.

HAILEYBURIAE dat.

* Letter written, at the request of the Master, in reply to an invitation from Glasgow University to send representatives to the celebration of their 450th anniversary.

COMPOSITIONS AND TRANSLATIONS

PART II. GREEK

(Exercise sent in for the Porson Prize 1877.)

ROMEO AND JULIET. Act iv. Sc. 1. 66—121.

Be not so long to speak—
—O, tell me not of fear!

ΙΟΥΛΙΑ. ΙΕΡΕΥΣ.

ΙΟΥ. Μὴ πολλὰ λέξῃς, πολλὰ γὰρ θανεῖν ἐρῶ
ἢν μὴ τὸ λεχθὲν φάρμακον λέξῃ κακῶν.
ΙΕΡ. θύγατερ, ἐπίσχες· ἐλπίδ' εἰσεῖδον τινά,
τόλμης οἵαν δεῖ τὸν τελοῦντ' ἀμηχάνου,
ἀμήχανον γὰρ τοῦθ' ὃ δὴ κωλύομεν·
εἰ δ' οὖν ἄνακτος Πάριδος ἢ γάμου τυχεῖν
ἐγκαρτεροίης μᾶλλον ἐκ σαυτῆς θανεῖν,
ἔπειτ' ὄνειδος ὥστε προσκυνεῖν τόδε
δοκεῖς ἀρεῖσθαι τῷ θανεῖν τι προσφερές,
ἢ θάνατον αὐτόν, ὡς φύγοις, μάρπτειν ἔτλης·
κἂν ταῦτα τολμᾷς πημάτων πάρεστ' ἄκος.
ΙΟΥ. κέλευε πρὸς θεῶν, πρίν με συζεῦξαι Πάριν,
πύργων ἐκείνων ἅλμα κουφίζειν ἄπο·
λέγ' ἐμβατεύειν λῃστικαῖς ἐπιστροφαῖς,
ἤ τοι ξυνοικεῖν ὄφεσιν· ἢ βρυχωμένων
πέδα μετ' ἄρκτων· εἶργε νύκτερον νεκρῶν
κευθμῶνος εἴσω πανταχῇ κεχωσμένου
κτυποῦσιν ὀστοῖς, καὶ μυδῶσι μηρίοις,
σαθροῖς τε κρανίοισιν, ὀμμάτων κενοῖς·
ἥτοι μολοῦσαν ἐς νεόδμητον τάφον
νεκρῷ παραγκάλισμα κρύπτεσθαι φάρει
λέγ'· ὧν πάλαι μὲν καὶ κλύουσ' ἔφριξ' ἐγώ,
νῦν δ' αὖτ' ἄοκνος, ἄφοβος, ἂν τλαίην, ὅπως
σώσαιμ' ἀκραιφνὲς ἀνδρὶ φιλτάτῳ λέχος.
ΙΕΡ. ἐπίσχες οὖν· μολοῦσα πρὸς δόμους πάλιν
εὔφραινε σαυτήν· Πάριδος αἰνέσαι γάμους.
ἥ δ' αὔριον σέ γ'—ἦς γε διάδοχον σέλας
γάμον φέρει σοι, νὺξ ὅπως ἐπόψεται

τῆς σῆς ἔρημον μὴ ξυνευδούσης τρόφου.
πότον δὲ τῆσδε, λέκτρον ἐσπεσοῦσα σόν,
ἔκπινε φιάλης εὖ πεφαρμακωμένον.
φλέβας δ' ἁπάσας οὐ τάχ', ἀλλ' ἤδη, κρύος
ὑγρὸν περάσει, νωθές, ὥστε μηδαμοῦ
ῥεῖν συμμέτρως σὸν αἷμα, παύεσθαι δ' ἄπαξ·
οὐ μαρτυρήσει ζῆν σὲ θάλπος, οὐ πνοή·
τὸ δ' ἐκ παρειῶν χειλέων τε πορφυροῦν
ὠχρὰν γάνος μαρανθὲν ἀλλάξει σποδόν.
κεκλῄσεται δὲ βλέφαρον, ὥσπερ οὖν βίου
θύρας ἔκλῃσε θάνατος, ἐξείργων τὸ φῶς·
ἅπαντα δ' ἀρχῆς ἐκπεσόνθ' ὑγρᾶς μέλη
ψύχρ' ὥστε νεκροῦ στερρά τ' ἐκταθήσεται.
νέκυος δ' ἀνάρθρου πλαστὸν εἰς δύ' ἡμέρας
σχῆμ' ὧδ' ἔχουσα, δὴ τόθ' ὥσπερ ἡδέος
ὕπνου τεθηλὸς ἐξαναστήσεις δέμας.
σὺ δ' οὖν, ἐῶθεν ἐκκαλῇ σ' ὅταν Πάρις
εὐνῆς, τέθνηκας· εἶθ', ὅπως νομίζεται,
ὄμμ' οὐ καλυπτή, ξὺν χλιδαῖς ἐξαιρέτοις,
ἐς τὸν παλαιὸν οἶκον ἐξοίσει νεκρῶν
ὃς πᾶν κέκευθε τῶν Καπουλητῶν γένος.
ὁ Ῥωμέων δέ, πρὶν σέγ' ἐκβαλεῖν ὕπνον,
οἷ τείνομεν, πρὸς τῆσδ' ἂν ἐκμάθοι γραφῆς·
καὶ δεῦρό γ' ἥξει, σὺν δὲ φρουρήσας ἐμοὶ
ὁ σὸς πόσις νύχθ', ἣ σ' ἐγείρεσθαι χρέων,
πέμψει σε ταύτῃ 'νθένδε Μαντούην λαβών·
τοιαῦτ' ὀνείδους τοῦδέ σοι λυτήρια,
πλὴν εἰ τροπαία 'μπληκτος ἥ τις δειλία,
γυναικὸς οἷα, σὴν διαφθερεῖ χέρα.

ΙΟΥ. οὐκ εἶα δώσειν, μηδὲ δειλίαν ἐρεῖς;

l. 29. Cf. Sophocl. *Oed. Rex*, 58:
ὡς οὐδέν ἐστιν οὔτε πύργος οὔτε ναῦς
ἔρημος ἀνδρῶν μὴ ξυνοικούντων ἔσω.

l. 38. Cf. Sophocl. *Frag.* 635:
βλέφαρον κέκληταί γ', ὡς καπηλείου θύραι.

l. 57. Cf. Eur. *Medea*, 1055: χεῖρα δ' οὐ διαφθερῶ.

MACBETH. Act II. Sc. 1.

Macbeth.

GO bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

TROCHAICI GRAECI PRAEMIO PORSONIANO QUOTANNIS PROPOSITO DIGNATI ET IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI RECITATI COMITIIS MAXIMIS A.D. M.DCCC.LXXVIII.

ΜΑΚΒΗΘΟΣ.

ΕΙΑ, παῖ, σήμαιν' ἀνάσσῃ, πῶμ' ὅτ' ἀμὸν ἐγχυθῇ,
ἐγκροτεῖν κώδωνι, καὶ τότ' αὐτὸς εὐνάσθητ' ἰών.
ἆρα φάσγανόν μ' ἀληθὲς εἰσορᾶν ἐν ὄμμασιν
χειρὶ βαστάσαι πρόχειρον φῶς; φέρ' ἁρπάσω· τί γάρ;
δεξιὰν μὲν ἐκπέφευγας, ἀλλ' ἔτ' ὀφθαλμοῖς πάρει·
οὐ λαβεῖν σε, φάσμ' ἀμαυρόν, ὥσπερ εἰσιδεῖν, θέμις,
ἢ ξίφος καλῶν σ' ἄχαλκον, κόμμα κίβδηλον, τύχω,
πλάσμα θερμονῷ νοσούσης καρδίας ταράγματι;
προσβλέπω σ' ἔτ' οὐδὲν ἧσσον τοῦδ' ὅπερ σπάσας ἔχω
ὡς ἀπ' ὀμμάτων ἐναργές, ᾗ δ' ἄρ' ἦν πορευτέον
τῇδέ μ' ὧδωσας, τοιᾷδε μηχανῇ χρῆσθαι δέον,
ὥστε μοι χερσίν τε κὠσὶ νῷ τ' ὀφλισκάνει γέλων
ὄμματ', ἢ ταῦλλ' οὐδέν ἐστιν, ὅσσε δ' εὐπίστω μόνω.
ἀλλὰ μὴν ὁρῶ σ' ἔτ', αἰχμὴν δ', οἷον οὐ τὸ πρόσθεν ἦν,
τούς τε κυνόδοντας μιαίνει πέλανος αἱματοσταγής.
φεῦ, τί φημ'; οὐκ ἔστι ταῦτα· φοίνιον πρᾶγος μὲν οὖν
ταῦτ' ἐπ' ὀφθαλμοῖς ἔπλασσε· πάντα νῦν γ' ἐφ' ἥμισυ
γῆς δοκεῖ θανόντα κεῖσθαι, τὸν δ' ἔσω καλυμμάτων
μαλθακῶς εὕδοντ' ὀνείρων φάσματ' αἰκίζει κακά,
χἀκάτης μειλίγματ' ὠχρᾶς ἀνοσίοις μαγεύμασι
φαρμακὶς θυηπολεῖ γραῦς, χὠ μάλ' αὐχμηρὸς Φόνος,
ὃν λύκος φύλαξ ἄϋπνος παννύχοις ὑλάγμασιν
ἐκκαλεῖ, τρόπῳ τοιῷδε δόλιον ἐκκλέπτει πόδα,
αἴσχρ' ἀμιλληθεὶς ὀρέγματ' ἐν τρόποις Ἰξίονος,
δυσσεβές θ' ἕρπει πρὸς ἔργον σῖγα φάσματος δίκην.
ἀλλ' ὅπως σύ, γῆ, βάθροισιν ἐμπέδοις ἱδρυμένη,
μὴ ποδῶν ἐμῶν ἀκούσει ποῖ προβαίνουσιν τανῦν,
μὴ κραταίλεών ποτ' οὖδας, οὗ κυροῦμεν, ἐκβοῶν,
ἐξέλῃ φρικῶδες ὥρᾳ τῇδε πρόσφορον στύγος.
ἀλλὰ γὰρ μάτην ἀπειλῶ, ζῇ δ' ἄναξ· πορευτέον·
ψυχρὸν ὡς ἔργοισι θερμοῖς πνεῦμ' ἐπουρίζει λίαν
ῥήματ'. εἶμ', ἄραρε τοὔργον· προσκαλεῖ κώδων ἐμέ.
μὴ σὺ δῆτ' ἄναξ ἀκούσῃς· θάνατος ὥς σ' ἤδη καλεῖ
ἢ σε πρὸς θεοὺς προπέμπων ἢ 'πὶ Ταρτάρου ζόφον.

v. 4, cf. Eur. *Electra*, 696: πρόχειρον ἔγχος χειρὶ βαστάζουσ' ἐμῇ.

Aufidius. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
And say 'Tis true,' I'ld not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcius! Let me twine
Mine arms around that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarred the moon with splinters, here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour.

Coriolanus, Act IV. Sc. 5.

ΑΥΦΙΔΙΟΣ.

Ὦ Μάρκι', ἴσθι μηδὲν ἐξειπὼν τανῦν
ὁποῖον οὐχὶ καρδίας ἐμῆς τινὰ
ῥίζαν παλαιᾶς ἔριδος ἐξαφείλετο,
ὥστ' οὐδ' ἂν εἰ Ζεὺς κεῖν' ἀπορρήξας νέφη
τὰ σεμνὰ φωνοῖ θέσφατ' οὐ διχορρόπως,
οὐκ ἂν πιθοίμην Ζῆνι μᾶλλον ἢ λόγοις
τοῖς σοῖσι, Μάρκι' εὐγενέστατον κάρα.
δός νυν δὸς ἀμφὶ σῶμα σὸν βραχίονας
πλέκειν, ἐφ' ᾧ δὴ μειλίνη λόγχη θαμὰ
ῥαγεῖσα μήνης ταῖς τομαῖς ἠκόντισεν.
ἰώ· ἀσπάζομαι δῆτ' ἄκμονα ξίφους ἐμοῦ,
ἐρῶν τ' ἐρῶντος ἀνθαμιλλῶμαι σέθεν
θερμῇ θ' ὁμοίως κεὐγενεῖ προθυμίᾳ
ὡς πρίν γ' ἐρίζων τῶν ἀριστείων πέρι.

Luc. Good friends, depart a little,—whilst I take
My leave of this dead man, that once I loved.
[*Exeunt ceteri.*
Hold yet a little, life! and then I give thee
To thy first heavenly being. Oh, my friend!
Hast thou deceived me thus and got before me?
I shall not be long after. But, believe me,
Thou wert too cruel, Jasper, 'gainst thyself,
In punishing the fault I could have pardoned
With so untimely death: thou didst not wrong me,
But ever wert most kind, most true, most loving:
And I the most unkind, most false, most cruel.
Didst thou but ask a tear? I'll give thee all,
Even all my eyes can pour down, all my sighs,
And all myself before thou goest from me;
These are but sparing rites; but if thy soul
Be yet about this place, and can behold
And see what I prepare to deck thee with,
It shall go up borne on the wings of peace
And satisfied. First will I sing thy dirge,
Then kiss thy pale lips and then die myself,
And fill one coffin and one grave together.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER:
The Knight of the Burning Pestle.

ΛΕΥΚΗ. Ἐᾶτέ μ', ἄνδρες, βαιόν, ὡς ἂν ὕστατα
νέκυν προσείπω τὸν πρὶν ὄντα προσφιλῆ.
φεῦ φεῦ. ψυχή, σὺ δ' ἡμῖν, οὐ μακρὰν αἰτῶ χάριν,
μείνασα βαιὸν ἐς θεοὺς τέλει πάλιν.
ἆρ' ὦ φίλ' οὕτω κἄμ' ἐφηλώσας φθάσας
οὐχ ὑστερήσουσάν γε κοὐκ ἐπίστασο
αὐτὸς σεαυτῷ δυσμενὴς ἄγαν φανείς,
θάνατον καταγνοὺς ὧδ' ἄωρον, ὧν ἐγὼ
σύγγνοιαν ἴσχειν κἂν ἔτλην ἁμαρτιῶν.
καίτοι σὺ μὲν ποῦ μ' ἠδίκεις ἀεὶ γεγὼς
πιστός τ' ἀπίστῳ καὶ πικρᾷ γε προσφιλής;
ἢ δακρύου σὺ βαιὸν ἠξίους γέρας
λαχεῖν παρ' ἡμῶν; οὐκ ἀνέξομαι τὸ μὴ οὐχ
ἅπανθ' ὅσ' ἴσχω δακρύων, στεναγμάτων,
ψυχῆς τε πρός σ' ἕρποντα πλουτίζειν ἐμῆς.
τοιαῦτα μὲν δὴ σπάνιά γ'—εἰ δὲ τῆδέ που
πάρων δέδορκας οἷά σοι κτερίσματα
παρ' ἡμίν ἐστι, τἄρα πρὸς θεῶν ἕδρας
ἥξεις γεγηθὼς ἡσύχοις ἐπὶ πτεροῖς.
καὶ νῦν σὲ θρηνήσαντες εἶτ' ὠχρῶν ἔπι
ψυχορραγοῦντες χειλέων θανούμεθα
ὡς εἷς τάφος νώ, μία τε χανδάνῃ σορός.

SKERRYVORE.

FOR love of lovely words, and for the sake
Of those, my kinsmen and my countrymen,
Who early and late in the wild ocean toiled
To plant a star for seamen, where was then
The surfy haunt of seals and cormorants;
I, on the lintel of this cot, inscribe
The name of a strong tower.

R. L. Stevenson [*Underwoods*].

BELIAL.

A FAIRER person lost not heaven; he seemed
For dignity composed and high exploit;
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels; for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleased the ear,
[And with persuasive accent thus began:]

Paradise Lost, Bk II. 108.

πᾶσιν ἀλωομένοις τηλαυγέα δαλὸν ἀνάπτω
τῶν Ἀσκληπιαδῶν μνημοσύνην καμάτων.

Anthol. IX. 675.

ΕΡΩΤΙ δηχθεὶς ὀνομάτων ἐρασμίων,
ἀστῶν θ' ἕκατι καὶ συναιμόνων ἐμῶν,
οἳ πρὸς θυελλῶν ποντίων διηνεκεῖς
εἶχον πόνους ναύταισιν αἴροντες τέκμαρ
φαέσφορόν τε λαμπάδ', οὗ πρὶν ἔστενον
φωκῶν ῥοθιάδες καὶ λάρων ἐπιστροφαί—
τῶνδ' ἕνεκα βαιᾶς τῆσδ' ὑπέρθυρον στέγης
σκοπιᾶς ἔθηκα καρτερᾶς ἐπώνυμον.

ΚΑΛΛΙΣΤΟΣ οὗτος οὐρανοῦ πικρὰς φυγὰς
ἔφευγε, τιμῇ θ' ὡς δοκεῖν πεπλασμένος
σεμνοῖς τ' ἐπ' ἔργοις· ἦν δ' ἄρα ψύθος τὸ πᾶν,
κάλλος κακῶν ὕπουλον. ἡδίω δ' ὅπα
ἔσταζε μέλιτος, ὥστε κρείσσον' αὖ δοκεῖν
λόγον τὸν ἥσσω, πανσόφων βουλευμάτων
φθοράν τε καὶ τάραγμα. φαῦλα γὰρ φρονῶν
ὑψηλὰ δ' οὐκ ἔχαιρεν, ἐς πανουργίαν
ἄοκνος ἀεὶ δρᾶν δὲ τἀμείνω δέον,
δειλὴν ἐνώμα κοὐκέτ' ἐργάτιν χέρα.
ὅμως δ' ἔτερπε τοὺς ἀκούοντας λέγων.

Constance. O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too,
And soothest up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,
Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.
Austria. O, that a man should speak those words to me!
Bastard. And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

King John, Act III. Sc. 1.

ΚΩΝΣΤΑΝΤΙΑ. Ὦ λῆμα δειλόν, ὡς ἄρ' ᾔσχυνας τάδε
φόνια λάφυρα δοῦλος ὤν, κοὐκ εὐγενής·
ὦ πάντ' ἄναλκι πλήν γε πρὸς πανουργίαν,
καὶ τοῖς κρατοῦσι καρτερὸς παραστατῶν,
σὺν τῇ τύχῃ τε τὰς μάχας ποιούμενος
ὅταν ποτ' ἀσφάλειαν ἥμπληκτος θεὰ
μάχης παρασχῇ. κἀπίορκος ἠρέθης
φιλεῖς θ' ὑπίλλειν τοῖσι κρείσσοσι στόμα.
ὦ μῶρε, κἀνόητε καὶ θράσους πλέως,
οὐ γὰρ πρὸς ἡμῶν πολλὰ δὴ λαβροστομῶν
τὰ δεῖν' ἀπειλῶν δυσμενεῖς ἐχείμασας,
ὁρκωμοτήσας πίσθ' ὑπερμαχεῖν ἐμοῦ
ὡς σόν γε δαίμον', ὦ κακόσπλαγχνον στόμα,
κράτος τε σῶσον οὐ διχορρόπως τὸ σόν;
κἄπειτ' ἐς ἐχθροὺς τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἀπεφθάρης;
σὺ τὴν λεοντῆν; οὐ τάχ' ἐκδύσει μολών,
καὶ τῆς ἀνάνδρου νεβρίδ' ἐξάψεις χροός;

ΑΝΑΞ. ἀνήρ τις ὤφελ', οὐ γυνή, τάδ' ἐννέπειν.

ΝΟΘ. οὐ τῆς ἀνάνδρου νεβρίδ' ἐξάψεις χροός;

King Henry. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish me more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:

ΑΝΑΞ. Ἔα. τίς ἦν ὁ θέμενος τήνδε τὴν προθυμίαν;
μῶν ὁ ξύναιμος; μὴ σὺ δῆτ', ἐσθλὸν κάρα.
καὶ δὴ πέπρωται τῇδε θἠμέρᾳ θανεῖν·
ἅλις γε πάτραν βλάπτομεν τεθνηκότες,
ζῶντες δ' ὅσῳ δὴ μείον' ἔξομεν στρατὸν
τιμῆς τόσῳ τις τεύξεται καλλίονος.
πρὸς θεῶν προσεῖναι μηδ' ἕν' ἴμειρε στρατῷ·
ἐγὼ γὰρ οὗτοι—τοὺς θεοὺς μαρτύρομαι—
φιλάργυρός τίς εἰμι, κοὔτι μοι μέλει
τρέφοντι πολλοὺς οὐ πονοῦντας οἴκοθεν,
οὐδ' εἰ χλιδᾷ τις τοῖς ἐμοῖς ἐσθήμασι,
περισσὰ γὰρ τάδ' ἐστὶ κοὐ θηράσιμα—
τιμὴν δὲ θηρῶν εἰ δίκην ὀφλισκάνω
μέγιστ' ἀνὴρ εἷς ἀμπλακεῖν σύμφημ' ἐγώ.
μὴ πρὸς θεῶν, ὅμαιμε, προσθήκην ἑνὸς
ποθεῖ γενέσθαι τῶν ἐκεῖθεν, ὡς ἐγὼ
μὰ τοὺς θεοὺς κάλλιστον ἐλπίδων θέρος
οὐ τἂν ἐλοίμην ὥστε μοι μετασχεθεῖν
τιμῆς ἕν' ἄνδρα προστεθέντα τῷ στρατῷ.
πρὸς ταῦτ' ἐσελθέτω σε μηδενὸς πόθος·
μᾶλλον δ' ἴων ἄγγελλε πάντ' ἀνὰ στρατὸν
τὸν εἰς ἀγῶνα τόνδ' ἔχοντ' ἀθυμίαν
χωρεῖν ἐπ' οἰκοῦ, σύμβολον λαβόνθ' ὃ χρή,
καὶ πρὸς κόμιστρα λαμβάνειν ζώνης γέμος.
ἡμῖν γὰρ οὐκέτ' ἀνδρὶ συνθανεῖν φίλον
ᾧ μὴ παρείη τόλμα τῷδε συνθανεῖν.
τοῦ Κρισπιανοῦ τοῦτο φῶς νομίζεται.

He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say 'Tomorrow is Saint Crispian':
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say 'these wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day; then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.

King Henry V., Act IV. Sc. 3.

πρὸς ταῦθ' ὁ σωθεὶς οἴκαδ' ἐκ ταύτης μάχης
ἦν τοῦ φάους μνησθῇ τις ἐξ ἀκροῦ ποδὸς
στὰς Κρισπιανοῦ θυμὸν αὐξήσει κλύων.
καὶ τῶνδέ γ' ὅστις γῆρας εἰσαφίξεται
ἐτῶν διαδοχαῖς τοὺς πέλας ποθ' ἑστιῶν
τὸν Κρισπιανὸν αὔριον λέξει σέβειν.
ἔπειτα δείξας τραύματ' ἐν βραχίονι
κεχαραγμέν' 'ἐκ τῆσδ' ἡμέρας' φήσει 'φέρω.'
παντὸς μὲν ἂν λάθοιτο γηράσκων ἀνὴρ—
γῆρας γὰρ ἴσχει λῆστιν—ἀλλ' ἔξει λέγειν
οἷ' ἔργ' ἔδρασε σήμερον, προσθείς γέ τι.
ἔπειτα χἀμῶν ὀνόματ' οἳ παρέσταμεν
Ἕρρεικος ἄναξ ξυγγενής θ' ὁμιλία,
πᾶσιν ξυνήθη κάρτ' ἰόντ' ἀνὰ στόμα
ἕξει παρ' αὐτὰ πρόσφατον μνήμην ποτά.
καὶ ταῦτα παῖς τις ἐκ πατρὸς μαθήσεται,
ὥστ' ἐς τὸν ἀεὶ τῆσδ' ἀφ' ἡμέρας πρόσω
τὴν νῦν ἑορτὴν οὔποτ' ἄξουσιν βροτῶν,
μὴ οὐ τούσδε τιμαλφοῦντες ἐν μνήμης μέρει
παύρους μὲν ἡμᾶς ὄντας, ἀλλ' εὐδαίμονας,
ξυνωρίδ' † αὐτάδελφον.

† Vocabulum *ξυνωρίδα*—sc. quod de compluribus parum recte scriptum esset—obelisco notavit H. C. F. M. Legendum censuerim in loco "*ἴλην τιν'*."—H. H. W.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present!
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.

M. The table's full.

Lennox. Here is a place reserved, Sir.

M. Where? *Len.* Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

M. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

M. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

Lady Macb. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth.

Macbeth, Act III. Sc. 4.

ΑΝΑΞ. Πόλεως ἂν ἦν πᾶν τῇδ' ὑπόστεγον σέβας,
εἰ Βάκχος ἡμῖν τίμιον παρῆν κάρα.
ὃν αἰτιώμην μᾶλλον ὡς δύσνουν ἐμοί,
ἢ συμφοράν τιν' οἰκτίσαιμ' εἰληφότα.
ΡΟΣ. ἀπιστίας γὰρ οὐ πάρων ἐλέγχεται.
σὺ δ' ἀλλὰ κόσμει τήνδε τὴν συνεδρίαν.
ΑΝ. ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἕδρα. ΛΕΝ. τήνδε σοὶ τηρῶ πάλαι.
ΑΝ. ποῦ δῆτα; ΛΕΝ. τῇδε· πρὸς τί δ' ὦδ' ἄθυμος εἶ;
ΑΝ. πράσσει τὶς ὑμῶν ταῦτα; ΧΟ. καὶ τί δή, Κρέον;
ΑΝ. οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως λέγοις ἂν αὐτόχειρ' ἐμέ,
καὶ μὴ 'πισείειν φοινίους ἐμοὶ κόμας.
ΡΟΣ. ἄναξ νόσῳ σύνεστιν· ἕρπωμεν, φίλοι.
ΓΥΝΗ. μένοιτ' ἄν, ἀνδρῶν προσφιλῶν ὁμιλία,
πάσχει γὰρ ἄναξ πολλὰ κἀκ βρέφους τόδε.

THIS heard Geraint, and grasping at his sword
(It lay beside him in the hollow shield),
Made but a single bound, and with one sweep of it
Shore through the swarthy neck, and like a ball
The russet-bearded head roll'd on the floor.
So died Earl Doorm by him he counted dead.
And all the men and women in the hall
Rose when they saw the dead man rise and fled
Yelling as from a spectre, and the two
Were left alone together, and he said:
'Enid, I have used you worse than that dead man,
Done you more wrong: we both have undergone
That trouble which has left me twice your own:
Henceforward I will rather die than doubt.
And here I lay this penance on myself,
Not tho' mine own ears heard you yestermorn,
You thought me sleeping, but I heard you say,
I heard you say that you were no true wife:
I swear I will not ask your meaning in it:
I do believe yourself against yourself,
And will henceforward rather die than doubt.'

TENNYSON:
Geraint and Enid.

'Ο δ' οὖν ἄναξ ἤκουσε καὶ μάρψας ξίφος
ἐν ἀσπίδος τανυσθὲν οὐχ ἑκὰς κύτει
ἓν ἅλμ' ἐκούφισ', εἶτα φάσγανον κυκλῶν
λάσιον διήμησ' αὐχέν' ὥστ' οὔδει πεσεῖν
σφαίρας δίκην κυλισθὲν εὔτριχον κάρα.
οὗτος μὲν οὕτως ὤλετ' ἐκ τοῦ μηδενός·
οἱ δ' ἐκ μελάθρων ὡς ἀναστάντος νεκροῦ
ἄνδρες γυναῖκες ἐξανέστησαν δρόμῳ
κλάζοντες ὡς εἴδωλον ἐξ ᾅδου σταλέν.
προσεῖπε δ' αὐτὴν ὧδ' ἀνὴρ μόνος μόνην·
'ἦ τἀμὰ πρός σε μείζον' ἠδικημέν' ἦν
ἢ τἀκ νεκροῦ τοῦδ' ὕβρεως δὲ μείζονος.
νῦν δ' οὓς πάλαι δὴ νὼ συναντλοῦμεν πόνους
ψυχὴν ἐμὴν σοὶ δὶς τόσως συνήρμοσεν,
ὥστ' ἐς τὸ λοιπὸν μηκέτι ζῴην ἐγὼ
μή σοι πεποιθὼς πάντα· καὶ τούτων τίσιν
οὐδ' εἰ χθὲς εἰσήκουσα σοῦ γ' αὐδωμένης,
δοκῶν μὲν εὖδειν, ἀλλ' ὅμως ἤκουσ' ὕπαρ—
πόσιν προδοῦναι· νῦν δέ γ' οὐ μὰ τοὺς θεοὺς
τί δῆτ' ἔλεξας οὐκέθ' ἱστοροῖμ' ἄν, οὔχ,
ὡς μηδ' ἔλεσθαι ζῆν ἀπιστήσας γε σοί.'

Darnley. How have you heart,
Albeit ye hate me as the worm of Hell,
Who never harmed you in my hapless days,
To use me so? I am sick—
Stuart. Ay, sick to death
If you give ear not to me that am come
In very mercy, seeing I called you friend,
For pity's sake to save you, or at least
To stretch your days out for some brief span more.
D. Nay, but one word—how would you have me fly?
He goes and mocks me—would my hands had strength
To dig his heart out for my dogs to feed!
He flies and leaves me weaponless alone
In the eye of peril, coward and false heart.
Should not the tongue of such a man be false?

SWINBURNE: *Bothwell.*

ΑΝΑΞ. Πῶς δῆτ' ἔτλης σύγ' ὧδ' ἐμοὶ στυγῶν ὅμως,
εὖ γὰρ τόδ' οἶδα, Ταρτάρου μ' ἴσον δάκει,
παθών περ οὐδὲν ἐξ ἐμοῦ δυσδαίμονος
χρῆσθαι νοσοῦντι;

ΣΤΟΥ. καιρίαν γε τὴν νόσον,
ἣν μὴ δι' οἴκτου ἰγμένῳ πίθῃ τί μοι.
σώσων γὰρ οὖν σέγ' ἦλθον οἰκτείρων θ' ἅμα
φιλίας ἕκατι τῆς πάροιθεν, εἰ δὲ μή,
βίου τι μῆκος ἀλλὰ βαιὸν ἐκτενῶν.

ΑΝ. ἀλλ' ἔν τι λέξον· πῶς με καὶ φεύγειν θέλεις;
οἴμοι· βέβηκεν ἀνὴρ ἐγγελῶν· τί δ' οὐ σθένους
τοσοῦτον ἔσχον ὥστε νιν λαβὼν κέαρ
ῥίπτειν ἐδεστὸν τοῖς κυσὶν διαρπάσας.
φεῦ. λιπὼν βέβηκέ μ' ἐν μέσοις ἀρκυστάτοις
ὅπλων ἐρημωθέντα κἄσκευον φίλων·
ὦ λῆμα δειλὸν κἀκ ψυθῶν πεπλασμένον,
πῶς γὰρ τοιούτου γλῶσσ' ἂν οὐ ψευδηγοροῖ;

ALCYONE.

A Sonnet.

Phoebus. What voice is this that wails above the deep?
Alcyone. A wife's, that mourns her fate and loveless days.
Ph. What love lies buried in these water-ways?
A. A husband's, hurried to eternal sleep.
Ph. Cease, O beloved, cease to wail and weep!
A. Wherefore?
Ph. The waters in a fiery blaze
Proclaim the godhead of my healing rays.
A. No god can sow where fate hath stood to reap.
Ph. Hold, wringing hands! Cease, piteous tears, to fall!
A. But grief must rain and glut the passionate sea.
Ph. Thou shalt forget this ocean and thy wrong,
And I will bless the dead, though past recall.
A. What canst thou give to me or him in me?
Ph. A name in story and a light in song.

E. W. Gosse.
[*New Poems*, 1879.]

ΦΟΙΒΟΣ. ΑΛΚΥΟΝΗ.

Φ. Τίς ἥδε φωνὴ κυμάτων ὑπερτελεῖ;
Α. γυνὴ στένουσ᾽ ἔρωτος ὀρφανὸν βίον.
Φ. τίς καὶ πόροισι ποντίοις κέκευθ᾽ ἔρως;
Α. ὕπνῳ κατευνασθέντος αἰανεῖ πόσεως.
Φ. ὦ φιλτάτη, λῆγ᾽ ἀλλὰ νῦν στεναγμάτων.
Α. τί δὴ κελεύεις;
Φ. ὡς θεοῦ παιωνίοις
βολαῖς ἔφλεξε κύματ᾽ ἀνταυγοῦς ἁλός.
Α. ὅπου δ᾽ ἐκάρπωσ᾽ αἶσα τίς σπείρει θεῶν;
Φ. χειρῶν ἐπισχὲς οἶκτον ὀμμάτων τε σῶν*.
Α. ἔμπας ἄπληστος δακρύων πόντου γνάθος.
Φ. λήσει σὺ πόντου καὶ μάλ᾽ ὑβριστοῦ ποτέ,
ὡς τόνδ᾽ ὀνήσω κἂν ἄϊστος ᾖ νέκυν.
Α. ἐμοὶ τί δοὺς ἢ τῷδε γ᾽ ἐν τὠμῷ κάρᾳ;
Φ. εὐδοξίαν ἔγωγε φῶς τ᾽ ἀοίδιμον.

* v.l. ἄλις γε χειρῶν δακρυοστακτοῦ τ᾽ ἄχους.

Extract from

SONG AT THE FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE,

UPON THE RESTORATION OF LORD CLIFFORD, THE SHEPHERD, TO THE ESTATES AND HONOURS OF HIS ANCESTORS.

'NOW another day is come,
Fitter hope, and nobler doom:
He hath thrown aside his crook,
And hath buried deep his book;
Armour rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls;—
"Quell the Scot!" exclaims the Lance—
"Bear me to the heart of France"
Is the longing of the Shield—
Tell thy name, thou trembling Field;
Field of death, where'er thou be,
Groan thou with our victory!
Happy day, and mighty hour,
When our Shepherd, in his power,
Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
To his ancestors restored
Like a re-appearing Star,
Like a glory from afar,
First shall head the flock of war!'

WORDSWORTH.

ΝΥΝ δ' ἕτερον φῶς τόδε λαμπροτέραν
μοῖραν προσάγει καλπίδ' ἀμείνω.
τὴν γὰρ κορύνην καταβέβληκεν
χαίρειν Μούσαις πολλὰ κελεύσας,
τόσον ἐν μελάθροις καταγηράσκονθ'
αἷμ' ἡρώων
τεύχε' Ἀρείων ἐπιβωστρεῖ·
σπεῦδε Βορείους δάμασον φῶτας,
κλάζει λόγχη μαιμῶσα φόνου·
φέρε μ' ἐς Κελτῶν ὀμφαλὸν αἴας,
σάκος ὧδ' αἰνῶς ἐπιθωύσσει.
σὺ δέ μοι τρομερὸν ποῦ ποτε ναίεις
Ἄδου πεδίον
τῶνδε κρατούντων στενάχιζον;
χαῖρ' ὦ τριπόθητ' ἀκμή, κρατερῶς
ἡνίκα ποιμὴν ἐν πανσαγίᾳ
τηλόθ' ἐφ' ἵππου προγόνοισι φανεὶς
ἀστήρ τις ὅπως ἐπιτελλόμενος
πάλιν ἀστράψει σέλας οὐράνιον
πρῶτος δ' Ἄρεως
ἀγελῶν πόλεμόνδ' ἐπορούσει.

IPHIGENIA.

BUT she, with sick and scornful looks averse,
To her full height her stately stature draws;
'My youth,' she said, 'was blighted with a curse:
This woman was the cause.

I was cut off from hope in that sad place
Which yet to name my spirit loathes and fears:
My father held his hand upon his face:
I, blinded with my tears,

Still strove to speak: my voice was thick with sighs
As in a dream. Dimly I could descry
The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes,
Waiting to see me die.

The high masts flickered as they lay afloat:
The crowds, the temples wavered, and the shore:
The bright death quivered at the victim's throat:
Touched: and I knew no more.'

Whereto the other with a downward brow:
'I would the white cold heavy-plunging foam,
Whirled by the wind, had rolled me deep below,
Then when I left my home.'

TENNYSON:
Dream of Fair Women.

Ἡ δ' οὖν σκυθρωπὸν ὄμμ' ἀποτρέπουσά μοι,
ἵν' εἶχεν ὕψους σεμνὸν ἐξῆρεν δέμας
κἄρρηξε φωνήν, ὦ ξέν' ἐξέδρεψ' ἐμὴν
ἥβην τις Ἄτη τῆσδε κοὐκ ἄλλης χάριν.
φεῦ· τὴν ἔμ' ἐκβαλοῦσαν ἐλπίδων χθόνα
εἰπεῖν ἔτ' οἰκεῖ φρὴν ἀποστατεῖ τ' ἐμή·
πατὴρ γὰρ ἔστη χεῖρας ὀμμάτων προθείς,
ἐγὼ δὲ θερμοῖς δακρύοις τυφλουμένη
οὐκ εἶχον αὐδὰν καὶ ποθοῦσ', ἔπεσχε γὰρ
τὰ πυκνὰ φωνὴν ὡς ὄναρ στενάγματα.
μόλις δὲ λεύσσειν ὄμμαθ' ὡς λύκων παρὴν
γοργῶπ' ἀνάκτων τῆσδε διψῶντα σφαγῆς.
ἵστοι δ' ἐπάλλονθ' ὡς ἰδεῖν παράκτιοι
νεῲ θ' ὅ τ' ὄχλος χὠ λιμὴν θαυμένη.
τέλος δ' ἔφλεξε φάσγανον δέρης πέλας,
κἄπαισέ τις· τὰ δ' ἔνθεν οὐκ ἔχω λέγειν.
ἡ δ' αὖ κατηφοῦσ' ὄμματ' ἀντημείψατο·
τί μ' οὐχὶ λευκῶν κυμάτων καταιβάτης
ἀφρὸς θυέλλαις φερόμενος δίναις ὕπο
κατέκλυσεν τόθ' ἡνίκ' ἐξώρμων δόμων;

Lancelot.

FOR what am I? What profits me my name
Of greatest knight? I fought for it and have it:
Pleasure to have it, none: to lose it, pain;
Now grown a part of me: but what use in it?
To make men worse by making my sin known?
Or sin seem less, the sinner seeming great?
Alas, for Arthur's greatest knight, a man
Not after Arthur's heart! I needs must break
These bonds that so defame me: not without
She wills it: would I, if she will'd it? Nay,
Who knows? but if I would not, then may God,
I pray him, send a sudden angel down
To seize me by the hair and bear me far,
And fling me deep in that forgotten mere,
Among the tumbled fragments of the hills.

TENNYSON:
Lancelot and Elaine.

ΛΟΓΧ. Ἐπεί, τίς εἰμι; καὶ τί κερδαίνω κλύων
ἵππεὺς ὁ κλεινὸς δῆθεν; ἤ τί μοι πλέον
δόρει γ' ἀριστεύσαντι τοῦτ' ἔχειν κλέος,
ἔχειν μὲν οὐχὶ τερπνόν, ἐκβαλεῖν δ' ἄχος,
τὴν σύντροφον δὴ κληδόν'; ὠφελεῖ δὲ ποῦ;
πλήν γ' ὡς ἁλόντα πάγκακον φθείρειν τινά,
ἢ κρείσσον' ὄντα μείον' αἰσχύνην ὀφλεῖν;
φεῦ τοῦ κρατίστου φωτὸς Ἀρθούρου φίλων
τοῦ μὴ κατ' Ἀρθοῦρόν γε. πῶς γὰρ οὐ χρεὼν
λύειν τόδ' αἰσχρὸν πῆγμα; τῇ δέ γ' εἰ φίλον.
καίτοι τίς οἶδεν εἰ τόδ' αἰνούσης ἐγὼ
συναινέσαιμ' ἄν; εἰ δὲ μή, κατ' αἰθέρος
σκήψας θεῶν τις καὶ κομῶν συναρπάσας
φέρων μ' ἀπέλθοι, τῆς τ' ἀπανθρώπου βάλοι
λίμνης ὑποβρύχ', εἶτα συγκεχωσμένων
κρύψαι μ' ἄϊστον εἰς ὀρῶν ἐρείπια.

THEN spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
'Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?'
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.'

TENNYSON:
The Passing of Arthur.

Ὁ δ' οὖν ἄναξ βαρεῖαν ἐξέλκων πνοήν·
δεδρακότος νῦν γ' ὄμμα σοῦ κατηγορεῖ·
ἀλλ' ὡς ἰδὼν οἶσθ' ἢ κλύων σαφήνισον.
ὁ δ' αὖ θρασὺς Βέδουρος ἀνταυδᾷ τάδε·
βλέφαρα μὲν ὦναξ ἴσθ' ὅτι ξυνείλκυσα
μὴ φρὴν ἀπαμβλυνθεῖσα πρὸς λίθων κυροῖ.
οὐ γάρ ποτ' εἶδον οὐδὲ μὴ δερχθῶ ποτε
οὔτ' ἐνθάδ' οὔτ' οὖν ἀλλαχοῦ πρὶν ἂν θάνω,
οὐδ' εἰ τρίων μετροῖμί γ' ἀνθρώπων βίον
κώπῃ γ' ἐκείνῃ θαῦμ' ἴσον προσεικάσαι·
πάλλω δέ νιν δισσαῖσι δινήσας χεροῖν,
ἄραντι δ' ὄμματ' ἦν βραχίον' εἰσιδεῖν
λευκόστολον, θαυμαστὸν οὐ βροτήσιον,
ὅστις σφε κώπης ἁρπάσας πάλλει τε τρὶς
λίμνης θ' ὑπόβρυχ' ἐς τέλος καθέλκεται.

THE POET'S BOYHOOD.

All shod with steel
We hissed along the polished ice in games,
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures—the resounding horn,
The pack loud-chiming and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle: with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron: while far distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.

WORDSWORTH:
The Prelude.

ΚΑΙ πολλάκις πέδιλ' ἂν ἐξηρτημένοι
σιδηρέ' ἐρροιβδοῦμεν εὔξεστον ῥόον
ψαίροντες, εἶλας εἰς ἀγῶν' ὁμηλίκων
συνθέντες, ἄγρας χαρμάτων θ' ὑπαιθρίων
μιμήμαθ', ἠχὴν δ' ἦν κλύειν σάλπιγγος ὡς,
κυνῶν θ' ὁμῶς ὕλαγμα, σύμφωνον βοήν,
μυκωμένην τε δεῖν' ὑπ' ἀγρευτῶν πτάκα.
οὕτω δι' ὀρφνῆς ᾔσσομεν δυσχειμέρου,
ὡς δ' εἶχε φωνῆς οὔτις ἀργὸς ἦν, τὸ μὴ οὐ
κρημνοὺς βοᾷ πληγέντας ἀντηχεῖν πέριξ,
κἀντηλάλαζον δένδρ' ἄφυλλα πανταχοῦ
κρυσταλλοπῆγές τ' ὄκριδες ἀκμόνος δίκην
σιδηροπλήκτου, σὺν δὲ τηλωποὶ λόφοι
ὑποστένοντες σεμνὸν οὐκ ἐλάνθανον,
διδαχθέν, οὐκ οἰκεῖον· αἴθριον δ' ἅμα
τὰ μὲν πρὸς ἠῶ φέγγος ᾔθον ἀστέρες,
τὰ δ' αὖτε πρὸς κέλευθον ἕσπερον θεοῦ
ἐμαραίνετ' αὐγῶν κροκοβαφῆ φθινάσματα.

AND Phaethon they found, or what seemed he,
There with his eyes in ashes, and the once
So radiant form by cruel thunder scathed,
Recumbent in the reeds, a charr'd black mass,
Furrowed with trenchant fire from head to foot.
Whom yet with reverent hands they lifted up,
And bare him to the bank, and washed the limbs
In vain; and for the burnt shreds clinging to him
Robed the cold form in raiment shining white.
Then on the river margin they scooped a grave,
And laid him in the dank earth far apart,
Near to none else; for so the dead lie down,
Whom Zeus the Thunderer hath cut off by fire,
And on the tomb they poured forth wine and oil,
And sacrificed much substance thirty days.
Nor failed they to record in distich due,
How from a kingly venture kingly fall
Resulted, and a higher than human fame.

P. S. Worsley.

ΦΑΕΘΟΝΤΑ δ' εὗρον, εἴ γ' ὅδ' ἦν ἐτητύμως,
ἐκεῖ πυρωθέντ' ὅσσε, καὐθαδεῖ πυρὶ
κομῶν τὸ πρόσθεν ἐξεβρουτήθη γάνος.
ἐκεῖτο δ' ἐν δόναξιν, ἔμπυρον βάρος,
πυρὸς κατὰ ζαλαῖσιν ἠλοκισμένος.
ὅμως δ' ἐς ὀχθὴν ποταμίαν φέρουσί νιν,
ἀγνῶν χερῶν βάσταγμα, καὶ μέλη μάτην
νίπτουσι κἄπειτ' ἀντὶ τῶν λακισμάτων
ἃ γ' ἠνθρακωμέν' ἠμφίεστ' ἐσθήμασι
λευκοῖς περιστέλλουσι ῥιγηλὸν δέμας.
τότ' αὖ ῥόον παρ' αὐτὸν ἤμησαν τάφον,
καὶ γῆς μονωθέντ' ἀγκαλαῖς ἄλλων δίχα
κρύπτουσιν ὑγραῖς· ὧδε γὰρ κεῖσθαι θέμις
εἴ τις πτερωτῷ Ζηνος ἔφθιται φλογί.
πολύν τ' ἐπισπένδουσι τυμβήρει νεκρῷ
ἔλαιον, οἶνον, πολλὰ δ' αὖ τὰ κτήματα
μῆκος τριακόνθ' ἡμερῶν θύουσ' ἀεί.
ἔπη τ' ἔγραψαν τἀπιτύμβι' ᾗ πρέπει,
τύραννα δράσας ὡς τύραννα καὶ παθὼν
εἴληχε κρεῖσσον ἢ κατ' ἄνθρωπον κλέος.

Pausanias.

THOU hast heard all men speaking of Pantheia,
The woman who at Agrigentum lay
Thirty long days in a cold trance of death,
And whom Empedocles called back to life.
Thou art too young to note it, but his power
Swells with the swelling evil of this time,
And holds men mute to see where it will rise.
He could stay swift diseases in old days,
Chain madmen by the music of his lyre,
Cleanse to sweet airs the breath of poisonous streams,
And in the mountain-chinks inter the winds.
This he could do of old; but now, since all
Clouds and grows daily worse in Sicily,
Since broils tear us in twain, since this new swarm
Of Sophists has got empire in our schools
Where he was paramount, since he is banished,
And lives a lonely man in triple gloom,
He grasps the very reins of life and death.

M. ARNOLD:
Empedocles on Etna.

Ἔγνως ἀκούσας—πᾶσα γάρ σφ' ὑμνεῖ πόλις—
ἥτις ποτ' Ἀκράγαντι, Πανθείαν λέγω,
ἐκεῖτο τρὶς δέχ' ἡμέρας ἡ δύσμορος
νάρκαισι δυσθνήσκουσα καιρίας νόσου,
χὤπως σφ' ἀνέστησ' Ἐμπεδοκλῆς ζῶσαν πάλιν.
νέος μὲν εἶ σὺ γνωρίσαι τάδ', ἀλλ' ὅμως
οὕτω σὺν οἰδάνουσιν οἰδάνει κακοῖς
ἡ τοῦδε δύναμις κράτος ἔχουσ' ἰσόρροπον,
ὥστ' ἐκπλαγῆναι πῆ προβήσεται βροτούς.
πάλαι μὲν ᾔδει δρόμαδ' ἐπισχεθεῖν νόσον
λύρᾳ δὲ καὶ μολπαῖσι τοὺς μαργοὺς πεδᾷν,
εἶτ' ἐκ νοσηλῶν νάματ' εὐαῆ ποιεῖν,
ἀνέμων τε ῥιπὰς ἐς πετρῶν κοιμᾶν μυχούς—
τοιαῦτα μὲν τἀρχαῖα· νῦν δ' ὅτ' αὔξεται
καθ' ἡμέρας κάχ' ὥστε πάντα συννεφεῖν
χἠμᾶς διασπῶσ' αἱ στάσεις, καινός θ' ὅδε
ἑσμὸς σοφιστῶν τἀπὶ ταῖς λέσχαις κρατεῖ
ἵν' αὐτὸς ἦρχε πρόσθεν, ὃς φεύγει τανῦν
τρίβων ἔρημον τριπτύχῳ 'ν ὀρφνῇ βίον,
τοῦ ζῆν τε καὶ μὴ τέρματ' οἰακοστροφεῖ.

Gebir.

'YE men of Gades, armed with brazen shields,
And ye of near Tartessus, where the shore
Stoops to receive the tribute which all owe
To Baetis and his banks for their attire,
Ye too whom Durius bore on level meads,
Inherent in your hearts is bravery:
For earth contains no nation where abounds
The generous horse and not the warlike man.
But neither soldier now nor steed avails:
Nor steed nor soldier can oppose the gods:
Nor is there aught above like Jove himself;
Nor weighs against his purpose, when once fixed,
Aught but, with supplicating knee, the Prayers.
Swifter than light are they, and every face,
Though different, glows with beauty; at the throne
Of mercy, when clouds shut it from mankind,
They fall bare-bosomed, and indignant Jove
Drops at the soothing sweetness of their voice
The thunder from his hand; let us arise
On these high places daily, beat our breast,
Prostrate ourselves and deprecate his wrath.'

W. S. LANDOR: *Gebir.*

Ἀλλ' ὦ Γαδείρων δήμοται χαλκάσπιδες,
ὅσοι τε γείτον' ἔχετε Ταρτήσσου πόλιν,
κοίλαις ἵν' ἀκταῖς εὐέρων ἐσθημάτων
ὁ χρυσαμοιβὸς Βαῖτις ἐξεδέξατο
φορὰν ἁπάσης ἐξαφιγμένην χθονός,
ὅσους τε πεδίον Δουρίου τίκτει καλόν
οἷς ἐμπέφυκε καρδίας εὐψυχία.
ὡς οὐδαμοῦ γῆς ἱππικὴ μὲν εὐγενὴς
ἔβλαστε γέννα, καρτερῶν δ' ἀνδρῶν σπάνις·
νῦν δ' οὐδὲν ἵππων ὄφελος οὐδ' ἀνδρῶν πέλει,
θεοῖς συνάπτειν δῆριν, οὐδ' ἐν οὐρανῷ
ὁμοῖον οὐδὲν Ζηνί γ' οὐδ' ἀντίρροπον
τὰ τῷδε κρανθέν θ' ὥστε παρατρέπειν σθένειν,
εἰ μὴ Λιτῶν γε γουνπετῆ θακήματα.
ἄλλῃ μὲν ἄλλο κάλλος οὐ ταὐτὸν πέλει,
τάχος δὲ Φοίβου καὶ βελῶν ὑπέρτερον.
ὅταν δὲ νέφεα πρευμενεῖς ὁρᾶν θεοὺς
βροτοὺς ἀπείργῃ στυγνά, πρὸς ποσὶν Διὸς
γυμναὶ πεσοῦσαι στέρνα σὺν χόλῳ βαρὺν
πείθουσι φώνῃ κάρτα κηλητηρίῳ
βολὰς μεθεῖναι δεξιᾶς κεραυνίους.
τί δ' οὐ κατ' ἦμαρ μέλλομεν θρόνον Διὸς
στέρνων ἀραγμοῖς ἱκεσίοισι προσπεσεῖν
ἤν πως παραιτώμεσθα δαιμόνων χόλον;

Angelo. Isabella.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit to the law,
And you but waste your words.
Isab. Alas, alas!
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.
Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I condemn your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother or my son,
It should be thus with him: he must die tomorrow.
Isab. Tomorrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Measure for Measure, II. 2.

ΑΝΑΞ. Μάτην τάδ' αὐδᾷς ὡς κασιγνήτου νόμοις
ὀφλισκάνοντος ζημίαν ἐγχωρίοις.
ΚΟΡΗ. φεῦ φεῦ.
ἦν γάρ ποθ' ἡνίκ' οὔτις οὐκ ὤφλεν βροτῶν
ποινὰς μεγίστας, εἶθ' ὁ κυριώτατος
λαβεῖν γε ποινάς, αὐτὸς εὗρε φάρμακον.
ἐπεὶ σὺ ποῦ φαίνοι' ἂν εἴγ' ὅπως ἔχεις
κρίναι σ' ὁ σεμνὸς τῆς δίκης ἐπιστάτης;
ταῦτ' ἐννοήσας νεαρὸν ὡς βρέφος πνοὴν
ἥσεις φίλοικτον.
ΑΝΑΞ. ὦ κόρη στέργειν σε χρή·
νόμοι καθεῖλον τὸν σόν, οὐκ ἐγώ, κάσιν·
κάσις δ' ὅδ' οὐδ' εἰ, παῖς μὲν οὖν, ἐμὸς κυροῖ,
μήχαρ γένοιτ' ἂν μὴ οὐ θανεῖν τὴν αὔριον.
ΚΟΡΗ. πῶς εἶπας; ὡς ἄφνω τόδ'· ἀλλ' οἴκτιζ' ἄναξ
τὸν μὴ θανεῖν ὡραῖον· ὡς δείπνων χάριν
ὡραῖά γ' ἔπεσε τῶρνε', εἶτα τοῖς θεοῖς
ἢ γαστρὶ μοῖραν μείον' αὖ νέμειν πρέπει;
πρὸς θεῶν λογίζου· τίς ποτ' ἀντὶ τοῦδ', ἄναξ,
τέθνηκε; καίτοι κοινὸν ἥδ' ἁμαρτία.

Cenci. Retire to your chamber, insolent girl!
Beatrice. Retire thou, impious man! Ay, hide thyself
Where never eye can look upon thee more!
Wouldst thou have honour and obedience,
Who art a torturer? Father, never dream,
Though thou mayst overbear this company,
But ill must come of ill. Frown not on me!
Haste, hide thyself, lest with avenging looks
My brothers' ghosts should hunt thee from thy seat!
Cover thy face from every living eye,
And start if thou but hear a human step:
Seek out some dark and silent corner; there
Bow thy white head before offended God,—
And we will kneel around, and fervently
Pray that he pity both ourselves and thee.

SHELLEY:
The Cenci, Act I. Sc. 3.

DEATH at last for all men is a harbour; yet they flee from it,
Set sails to the storm-wind and again to sea;
Yet for all their labour no whit further shall they be from it,
Nor longer but wearier shall their life's work be.
And with anguish of travail until night
Shall they steer into shipwreck out of sight,
And with oars that break and shrouds that strain
Shall they drive whence no ship steers again.

A. C. SWINBURNE:
Erechtheus 762 et seqq.

Κ. Ἔσω κομίζου παρθενῶνος, ὦ κύον.
Β. ἔσω μὲν οὖν σύ, δυσσεβέστατον κάρα,
καὶ κρύπτε σαυτὸν ἔνθα μή τις ὄψεται·
πειθαρχίαν γὰρ ἀξιοῖς τιμήν τ' ἔχειν
ὧν γ' ὠμόθυμος; μή σ' ἐσελθέτω ποτε,
καθιππάσασθαι τούσδ' ὅμως ἔχων, πάτερ,
πράξειν ὅπως κάκ' ἔργα μὴ φύσει κακά.
μή μοί γ' ἀπειλάς· ἀλλὰ κρύπτεσθαι μολών,
ὡς μή σ' ἀδελφῶν τῶν ἐμῶν ἀλάστορες
σκιαὶ προνωπῆ τῆσδέ σ' ἐκβαλῶσ' ἕδρας,
χὤπως σε μήτε ζῶν τις ὄψεταί ποτε
φρίξεις τ' ἀκούσας ἐμβατεύοντος βροτοῦ.
μυχοῦ δ' ἀφώνου κρυπτὸν ἰχνεύσας κνέφας,
πολίῳ κατηφὴς κρᾶτι προστρέπου θεούς,
νὼ δ' αὖτε περιπεσόντε λιπαρήσομεν
αὐτοῖν τε καί σοι πρευμενῶς ἔχειν θεόν.

ΠΑΣΙ λιμὴν κεῖται θάνατος, φεύγει δέ τις ἔμπης
ἀμπετάσας ἀνέμοις ἵστι' ἐς οἶδμα πάλιν.
οὐδέ κε πολλὰ καμών περ ἀπόδραμοι οὐδ' ἐπὶ μικρόν,
μάσσονα δ' οὔ κεν ἔχοι, λυγρότερον δὲ βίον.
ἔνθ' ὅ γε πολλὰ παθὼν πρὶν ἐρεμνὴν νύκτα ἱκέσθαι
νῆα κυβέρνησεν πρὸς μόρον ἀΐδιον·
ῥηγνυμένης τ' ἐλάτης προτόνοισί τε δεινὰ καμοῦσιν
κέλσει ὅθεν νηῦς νόστον ἂν οὔτις ἔχοι.

II Samuel i. 19.

His amor unus erat.

Ὦ πόποι ὡς σφετέροισιν ἐν οὔρεσιν Ἰσακιδάων
ἔφθιται ἀγλαΐη· κατὰ δὲ σταδιὴν ὑσμίνην
οὖδας ὄδαξ ἥρωες ἔλον κρατεροί περ ἐόντες.
ἦ κεν ὅσαι Γίττης κοῦραι πόλιν εὐρυαγυῖαν
ἠδ' Ἄζωτον ἔχουσι λίην κεχαροίατο θυμῷ
εἴ τις ταῦτ' ἀγγεῖλαι ὅπως τετελεσμένον ἔστι.
οὖρος ἀτὰρ μὴ σοίγ' ὄμβρος τεθαλυῖά τ' ἐέρση
στάζοι μήτ' ἄρα τοι καλαὶ φρίσσοιεν ἄρουραι.
ἔνθ' ἄλλοι τε σάκη πρόεσαν θεοείκελοι αἰσχρῶς,
Σαῦλός τ' ἔνθα μέδων ὥσπερ τις ἀνώνυμος αὖτως
μηδὲ ἐὴν κεφαλήν ποτ' ἀλειψάμενος λίπ' ἐλαίῳ.
ἤτοι ὅθι πλεῖστοι κατακείατο τεθνηῶτες
ἔνθ' οὔ τι πτολέμοιο λιάζετο φάσγανον ὀξὺ
κοιράνου, οὐδ' ἀλίωσε παΐς μεγάθυμος ὄϊστον.
τὼ ποθ' ὁμιλείτην ζώοντε μὲν ἐν φιλότητι,
παΐς τε πατήρ θ' ἕνα θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἔχοντε
νῦν δ' ἄρα τεθνηῶτες ἰῇ κατακείαται αἴσῃ
οὐχ ἑκάς· οἱ δ' ἐφέροντ' ὡς αἰετὼ ἠὲ λέοντε,
τοίω γὰρ κατὰ δυσμενέων στίχας ἀϊχθήτην.
κοῦραι, ἀτὰρ Σαῦλον κωκύετε νωλεμὲς αἰεί,
ὅς τ' ἄρ' εὐφρονέων ἑανοὺς ὤπασσεν ἔσασθαι
καλοὺς πορφυρέους, ἐν δὲ θρόνα ποίκιλα χρυσῷ.
ὦ πόποι ὡς ἕλον οὖδας ὄδαξ κοσμήτορε λαῶν
μαρναμένω κρατερῶς ὅθι περ πλεῖστοι προμάχοιντο.
ἠθεῖ', ὡς σ' ἐδάμασσεν Ἄρης ἐν ὄρεσφι τεοῖσι,
ὦ φίλε, σοῦ δ' ἄσβεστον ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἐμοῖσιν
πένθος ἔχει μοι θυμόν· ἀδελφῷ πάντα ἐοικὼς
ἤτοι ζῶος ἐὼν μάλα μοι πέλες ἤπιος αἰεί,
παντοίην φιλότητ' ἡμᾶς περὶ κῆρι φιλήσας,
ἐς θ' ἡμᾶς φιλότητι γυναικῶν ἄντα τέτυξο.
ὡς ὀλέκουθ' ἥρωες ἀνὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην,
κεῖται δ' ἐν κονίῃσιν ἀπήμονα τεύχε' Ἄρηος.

Harrow, *Nov.* 1874.

Ibam forte via sacrâ.

ΠΕΡΙΠΑΤΟΥΝΤΙ *μοι πρώην τὴν ἱερὰν ὁδὸν καὶ ὥσπερ εἴωθα φαῦλ' ἄττα πρὸς ἐμαυτὸν ἐκλογιζομένῳ καὶ ἐν τούτοις ὅλῳ ὄντι, προσέδραμέ τις ὀνόματι μόνον γνώριμος. οὗτος οὖν τῆς χειρός μου λαβόμενος πῶς, ἔφη, ἔχεις ὦ χαριέστατε ἀνθρώπων; μετρίως, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, ὡς ἐν τῷ παρόντι, καὶ πάντα σοι κατὰ νοῦν βούλομαι γίγνεσθαι. ἐπειδὴ δ' οὐδ' ὡς ἀπέλειπεν ἐμέ, τί, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, χαρισαίμην ἂν σοί; ὁ δὲ ἄξιοι ἔφη ἐσμεν τῆς σῆς φιλίας, πολυμαθίας γ' ἕνεκα. οὐκοῦν τοσούτῳ δὴ ἔφην περὶ πλείονός σε ποιήσομαι· ἅμα δὲ δεινῶς ἀπαλλάττεσθαι ἐπιθυμῶν τοῦ ἀνθρώπου πάντα ποιῶ τότε μὲν θᾶττον βαδίζων, τότε δὴ ἐπιστάς, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖ τὸ δεῖνα πρὸς τὸ οὖς τῷ παιδὶ λέγων· ἅμα δὲ ἐγὼ μὲν πολλῷ τῷ ἱδρῶτι καταστάζων πόδα ἐκ κεφαλῆς τὸν Βωλᾶνον ἐμακάρισα πρὸς ἐμαυτὸν λέγων τοῦ ἀκραχόλου ἤθους, ὁ δὲ διετέλει τὸ ἀεὶ ἐπιτυχὸν ἀδολεσχῶν καὶ τό τε ἄστυ καὶ τὰ προαστεῖα ἐπαινῶν. τελευτῶν δὲ ἐμοῦ οὐδὲν ἀποκρινομένου δεινῶς, ἦ δ' ὅς, ἐπιθυμῶν ἀπαλλαγῆναι πάλαι φανερὸς εἶ· ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἂν δύναιο· οὐδὲ γὰρ ἀφιείην ἂν τὸ μὴ συνακολουθεῖν ὅποι νῦν δὴ πορεύει. ἀλλ' ὦ τᾶν, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, οὐδὲν δεῖ σὲ περιελθεῖν· τὸν γὰρ δεῖνα ἔγωγε ἐπισκοπῶ οὐ τῶν σοὶ γνωρίμων, κατακεῖται δὲ πόρρω πάνυ πέραν τοῦ ποταμοῦ πρὸς τοῖς τοῦ Καίσαρος κήποις. ἀλλ' οὐδέν μοι μέλει, ἦ δ' ὅς, σχολὴ γάρ, καὶ βαδιστικός τις τυγχάνω ὤν. ἐπὶ τούτοις καθίημι τὰ ὦτα, ὥσπερ ὄνος τις τῷ δεσπότῃ χαλεπαίνων ἄχθος περισσὸν τῷ νώτῳ ἐπιθέντι.*

May 20, 1893.

THE VISION OF MIRZA.

I HERE fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain!—how is he given away to misery and mortality!—tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and—whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate—I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers, and could hear a confused harmony of singing-birds, falling waters, human voices and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats, but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the Gates of Death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

ΚΑΙ *ἐγὼ μὲν βαρὺ ἀναστενάξας, μάτην ἄρ', ἔφην, γίγνεται ἄνθρωπος ὅλος ἐπὶ δακρύοις καὶ ὀλέθρῳ πεφυκώς, ὅς γε ζῶν μὲν οὐδεμίᾳ ὅτῳ οὐ ταλαιπωρίᾳ βασανίζεται, θανὼν δ' ἅπαξ ἠφανίσθη· ὁ δὲ Δαίμων ἐν οἴκτῳ ἐμὲ θέμενος τί παθών, ἦ δ' ὅς, οὕτω δυσχεραίνεις; ἀλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν χαίρειν ἔα, ὥστε μηκέτι ἄνθρωπον πρῶτον γενόμενον καὶ ἐς τὰ ἐκεῖ πορευόμενον σκοπεῖν, μᾶλλον δὲ τὴν ὀμίχλην ἐκείνην ἐς ἣν ἡ θάλαττα τοὺς ἀεὶ ἐς αὐτὴν πίπτοντας φέρει. καὶ ἐγὼ οὕτω δὴ τοὺς ὀφθαλμοὺς ἧπερ ἐκέλευσε τρέψας, εἴτε θείαν τινὰ δύναμιν ἐνθέντος αὐτοῦ εἴτε τὴν ὀμίχλην ἀποσκεδάσαντος τὴν τὸ πρόσθεν παχυτέραν οὖσαν ἢ ὥστε διορᾶν, εἶδον δ' οὖν τὸ ἔσχατον τοῦ πεδίου εἰς θάλαττάν τινα θεσπεσίαν ὅσην ἀναπεπταμένον, ἣν πέτρα τις ἐξ ἀδάμαντος ὑπερμήκης μέσην διέσχισεν. καὶ τὸ μὲν ἥμισυ νεφελαί τινες ἐπικείμεναι ἀπέκρυπτον μὴ καθορᾶν, τὸ δὲ θαλάττῃ τινι ὅμοιον ἐφαίνετο μυρίαις δὴ νήσοις περιστεφεῖ, ἄνθεσι παντοίοις καὶ καρποῖς ἀγαλλομέναις καὶ δὴ καὶ μυρία τινα ὑδάτια περιπεπλεγμέναις. ἐν δὲ ταύταις εἰσιδεῖν ἦν πολλούς τινας λαμπρᾷ ἐσθῆτι κεκοσμημένους τάς τε κεφαλὰς ἐξεστεμμένους, ὧν οἱ μὲν ἐν τοῖς δένδρεσι περιεπάτουν, οἱ δὲ παρὰ πηγαῖς τισὶν ἢ ἐπ' ἄνθεσι κεκλιμένοι ἡσύχαζον.....καὶ ἐγὼ μὲν θαυμασίως ὡς ἐχάρην τὴν καλλίστην δὴ θέαν θεασάμενος, καὶ ἀετοῦ πτερὰ κεκτῆσθαι ἐπεθύμουν ὡς ἐς τὰς εὐδαίμονας δὴ ἕδρας ἀνεπτάμην, ὁ δὲ Δαίμων οὐκ ἔφη δίοδον εἶναι εἰ μὴ διὰ τῶν τοῦ θανάτου πυλῶν πορευομένῳ, τῶν ἀεὶ ἐπὶ τῇ γεφύρᾳ ἀναπετανυμένων.*

July, 1891.

THE CAT'S PILGRIMAGE.

'DOG,' she said, 'I want to talk to you; don't go to sleep. Can't you answer a civil question?'

'Don't bother me,' said the Dog, 'I am tired. I stood on my hind legs ten minutes this morning, before I could get my breakfast, and it hasn't agreed with me.'

'Who told you to do it?' said the Cat.

'Why, the lady I have to take care of me,' replied the Dog.

'Do you feel any better for it, Dog, after you have been standing on your legs?' asked she.

'Haven't I told you, stupid Cat, that it hasn't agreed with me? Let me go to sleep and don't plague me.'

'But I mean,' persisted the Cat, 'do you feel improved, as the men call it? They tell their children that if they do what they are told they will improve, and grow good and great. Do you feel good and great?'

'What do I know?' said the Dog. 'I eat my breakfast and am happy. Let me alone.'

'Do you never think, o Dog without a soul? Do you never wonder what dogs are, and what the world is?'

The Dog stretched himself, and rolled his eyes lazily round the room. 'I conceive,' he said, 'that the world is made for dogs, and men and women are put into it to take care of dogs; women to take care of little dogs like me, and men for the big dogs like those in the yard. And cats,' he continued, 'are to know their place, and not to be troublesome.'

FROUDE.

[*Short Studies*, Vol. I. p. 420.]

Η ΤΗΣ ΑΙΛΟΥΡΟΥ ΑΠΟΔΗΜΙΑ.

ΚΑΙ ἡ μέν, ἤδιστά σοι, ἔφη, ὦ κύον, ἡ αἴλουρος, διαλεγοίμην ἂν ἄττα, ὥστε οὐ καταδαρθάνειν σε χρή, ἀλλ' ἀποκρίνεσθαι μέτριά γ' ἐρωτώσῃ. Ὁ δέ, οὐ μή, ἔφη, ἐνοχλήσεις; κόπος γὰρ ἔχει με πῶς δοκεῖς; ἐπ' ἀκροῖς τοῖς ὄνυξι συχνὸν δὴ ἑστῶτα τήμερον, πρὶν τὸ ἄριστον παραθεῖναί τινά μοι, ὥστε οὐδὲν θαυμαστὸν εἰ οὐχ ὑγιαίνω. Τοῦ γὰρ παραγγείλαντος; ἔφη ἡ αἴλουρος. Τῆς γυναικός, ἔφη, ᾗ ἐπιτετράμμεθα ἐπιμελεῖσθαι· Πῶς γὰρ οὔ; Σὺ δὲ πότερον, ἔφη, ὦ κυνίδιον, ἡ αἴλουρος, ὀρθὸς στὰς ἔπειτα βέλτιον πως ἔχων αὐτὸς σεαυτοῦ αἰσθάνει, ἢ οὔκ; Οὐ γὰρ νῦν δὴ αὐτὸ τοῦτό σοι εἶπον, ἔφη, ὠμβρόντητε σύ, ὅτι οὐχ ὑγιαίνοιμι; ἀλλ' ἔα με νυστάζειν καὶ μὴ πράγματα πάρεχε. Ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ τοῦτό γε ἠρώτησα, ἦ δ' ἥ, ἀλλὰ βελτίων ἥσθου γενόμενος τὸ κατὰ τοὺς ἀνθρώπους λεγόμενον; οἷον τοῦτο λέγω—τοῖς παιδαρίοις λέγουσιν οὗτοι ὅτι ἐὰν τὰ ἀεὶ παραγγελλόμενα πράττωσιν ἐπιδώσουσιν ἐς ἕκαστόν τι, τελευτῶντές τε καλοὶ κἀγαθοὶ γενήσονται. σὺ δὲ μῶν σύνοισθα σαυτῷ τοιούτῳ γεγονότι; Τί μοι μέλει, ἦ δ' ὃς ὁ κύων, ᾧ γε ἀριστᾶν ἀποχρῇ; ἀλλ' ἔα με. Οὔκουν, ἔφη, οὔποτε σοὶ συμβαίνει ἐνθυμεῖσθαί τι, ὦ ἀναίσθητον χρῆμα κυνιδίου, οὐδὲ ἀμφισβητεῖν πρὸς σαυτὸν περὶ τῶν κυνῶν ὁποῖοι φύσει τυγχάνουσιν ὄντες, καὶ τὰ τῆς γῆς καὶ τἆλλα τὰ τοιαῦτα σκοπεῖν; ὁ δὲ κύων οὕτω δὴ ἐκτεινάμενος καὶ τῷ ὄσσε τρυφερῶς πως περιστρέφων, Ἐγὼ μέν, ἔφη, οὕτω περὶ ταῦτα λογίζομαι, ὅτι κυνῶν ἕνεκα πάντα γίγνεταί τε καὶ ἔστι, καὶ τοὺς τὴν γῆν ἐνοικοῦντας ἄνδρας τε καὶ γυναῖκας ἐπὶ τούτῳ γίγνεσθαι, κυνῶν ἐπιμελεῖσθαι—τὰς μὲν τῶν κυνιδίων τῶν οἵωνπερ ἐμοῦ, τοὺς δὲ τῶν πάνυ μεγάλων τῶν ἐν ταῖς αὐλαῖς νυκτερευόντων—τοὺς δέ γ' αἰλούρους, οἶμαι ἐπὶ τῷ γνῶναι ἑαυτοὺς καὶ μὴ πολυπραγμονεῖν.

SHE went into the garden to cut a cabbage to make an apple-pie.—Just then a great she-bear coming down the street put his head in at the window. 'What, no soap?'—So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber. And there were present the Picninnies and the Joblillies and the Garyalies, and the great Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch-as-catch-can, till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots.

ΤΑΥΤΑ δὴ παθοῦσα κῆπον εἰσαφίκεθ' ἡ κόρη
ῥάφανον ὡς δρέψασ' ἐκεῖθεν ἀρτόμηλον ὁπλίσῃ·
χἄμα δεινὸν ἦν θεᾶσθαι· περιπατοῦσα γὰρ πόλιν
χρῆμα τηλικοῦτον ἄρκτου διὰ καπηλείου στόμα
θυρίδα πῶς δοκεῖς; ἔωσεν· εἶθ' ὁ δεῖν' ἀνακραγὼν
φεῦ, τὸ μηδ' ἔχειν κονίαν, ἄθλιος ψυχορραγεῖ.
ἡ κόρη δ' ἀναπτερωθεῖσ' οὐκέτ' ἔμπεδος φρένας
κουρίμας ἐπῄνεσ' εὐνάς, οὓς συνῆλθον ἐς γάμους
Γηραλεῖς τε Πικνανεῖς τε Κὠβλίλων τὸ πᾶν γένος,
οὐδὲ μὴν ἀνήνατ' ἐλθεῖν Παντογανδράνου σέβας
κρώβυλον φορῶν ἐπ' ἀκραῖς στέμματος δίκην κομαῖς.
ἔνθ' ἔπαιζεν ὀστρακίνδα πᾶς τις οὐδ' ἐπαύσατο
πρὶν κεραυνὸς ἐκ κοθορνῶν ἐσχάτων ἐξερρύη.

CAMBRIDGE: PRINTED BY J. AND C. F. CLAY, AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

C0-AMG-446